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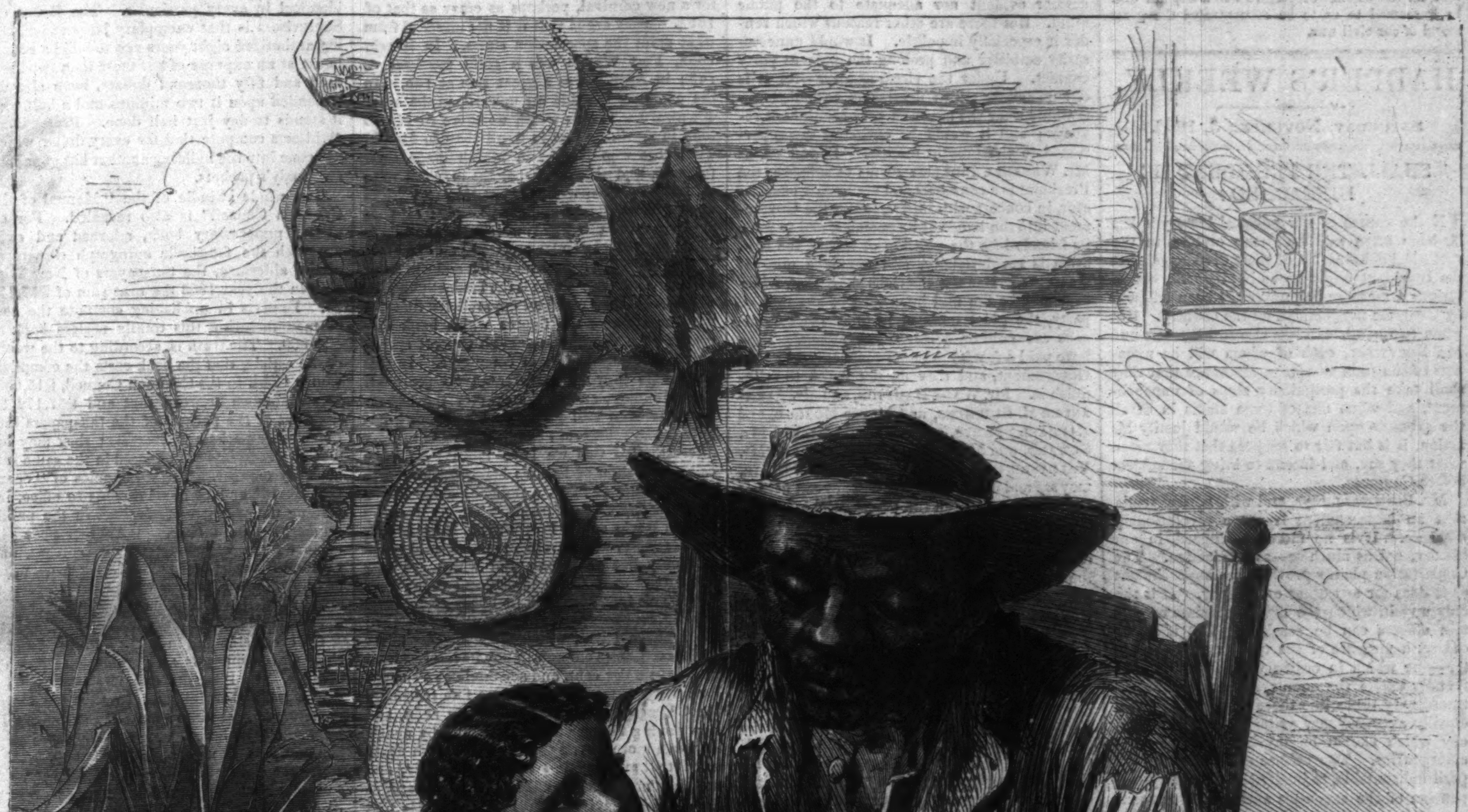


"UNCLE TOM" AND HIS GRANDCHILD.—[See Page 690.]

"UNCLE TOM" AND GRANDCHILD.

The scene represented in the engraving on our first page was one upon which our artist, Mr. Waud, looked a few months since while on the road from Columbus to Macon. It is by the road-side, on the outskirts of a Georgia plantation. A little child, almost white, and very beautiful, is teaching her grandfather—a pure negro—to read. The little girl is just from school, as appears from the satchel hanging on the chair. We did not know or ask the names of either the old man or the child; but from an affection for "Uncle Tom" and its gifted authoress we have adopted the title subjoined to our engraving. The picture, as we saw it, seemed to tell at the same time a very sad and a very hopeful story. The contrast of color, almost violent in those so near of kin, told the history of a great wrong. This little girl, with far more of "Southern chivalry" in her veins than of negro blood, was, or had been for all that, a slave—a thing to be bought and sold, to be insolently loved or insolently hated; to whose children she must become a curse, as they would be a curse to her. But this sad fate had in her case been averted. She was now free; and her present occupation spoke of a new era for the negro race. So that, on the whole, the picture was a hopeful one. In it seemed to us to be concentrated the great moral of our civil war.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, November 3, 1866.

SHALL THE PRESIDENT BE IMPEACHED?

In the course of our political history it has been often said by stump orators, in the rhetorical culmination of their discourses, that the President ought to be impeached; but so serious a measure has never yet been adopted by Congress nor justified by the country. But when two gentlemen like General Butler and Mr. Boutwell, each of whom will be members of the next Congress, announce that they shall take the preliminary steps of impeachment, and when one of them states in detail the grounds upon which he would justify his action, it is but fair to suppose that they mean what they say, and intend to bring the subject before Congress.

Mr. Boutwell says, and with perfect truth, that an impeachment is not a revolutionary measure. It is no more so—indeed, in our history, not as much so—as an election. The Constitution plainly provides for impeachment as it does for any other emergency. It is the only way in which the official offenses of certain officers can be reached. But it is, of course, a measure of the very gravest character—one which in ordinary times would profoundly excite the country, and which in extraordinary times like these would produce an equally extraordinary agitation. It is a remedy which should be invoked only in great emergencies. The offense must be plain, the peril indisputable, to justify the temporary suspension of the executive authority in the person of its constitutional representative. For, unlike other trials, it seems, according to General Butler, that, in case of impeachment, the accused is to be considered guilty until he is proved to be innocent. He may be suspended from his functions until he proves his unblemished right to exercise them.

There are two questions which immediately present themselves. Has the conduct of the President made him liable to impeachment? and if so, would it be wise to impeach him?

We are certainly correct in saying that there is no general conviction at present that the President ought to be impeached. That his Presidency is a national misfortune, and that but for him the country would be rapidly returning to a normal condition, is unquestionable. That he is entirely unfitted by natural capacity and training for the office he holds is painfully conspicuous. That he comprehends neither the causes nor the consequences of the war, and is curiously ignorant both of the American people and of the dominant idea of our politics is undeniable. But these, although misfortunes for the country, are not impeachable offenses. And we are to remember that the President did not thrust himself into his office, but came to it by constitutional election and succession. Much is said of his personal habits, but it is rumor merely. It has not appeared, nor has it been seriously alleged, that he has habits which substantially prevent him from properly fulfilling his official duties.

Ought he then to be impeached for perilous political offenses? He is charged with usurping the prerogative of Congress in settling the questions left by the war, and with a shameful prostitution of official patronage to personal ends. But as to the first charge, his offense thus far is nothing more than a violent and indecent assertion of what is constitutional and of what Congress ought to do. He has expressed opinions, but he has as yet attempted no acts. He has, indeed, denounced the opinions of those who differ with him as treason, and their holders as deserving of the gibbet. But this merely shows the mental muddle in which he has been long involved. It is natural to suppose that a man of his passionate temperament will endeavor to enforce his views in some way, and it is the part of wisdom to be watchful and ready. But until that time his views are merely his own opinions, and they are opinions held among a people who thoroughly comprehend the situation.

The President's abuse of the appointing power, and his total misconception of the relations of the various officers to the Government, are indeed extraordinary, but they are not unprecedented. His conduct is not essentially different from that of other late Presidents, and will lead undoubtedly, as it should, to a legal remedy of a very menacing danger to which the Government is exposed. The whole question of appointment and removal, in its exact constitutional relations, is still an open one, and if the President be guilty of the grossest and baldest attempts at political bribery by patronage, his offense is not so peculiar as to justify, in the public mind, so extraordinary a correction as impeachment.

It would be enough, therefore, to prove the inexpediency, under the circumstances, of an impeachment, that the grounds of action are neither evident nor adequate to the public mind. But there are other reasons which render it especially impolitic. It would unnecessarily embitter and prolong the present party conflict. Under the circumstances—for it is circumstances which determine expediency—it would wear the air of an act of indignant revenge; and it would be curiously disproportioned to the present offense. If, indeed, as Mr. Wendell Phillips seems to suppose, the President is a conscious and malignant conspirator, in concert with others, to put the Government into the hands of its enemies, and to force its friends into the position of rebels, the situation is revolutionary, and demands unusual measures. But the elections show that, whatever may be the foul intentions of any man or party, the great mass of loyal American citizens are neither deceived nor asleep. They have paid a fearful price for their control of the Government, and they do not mean to relinquish it. Mr. Wade Hampton, and Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, and Mayor Monroe, and Raphael Semmes, and the President, and Mr. Seward, and Mr. John T. Hoffman, and Mr. Vallandigham, and Mr. Montgomery Blair, may say and do what they will. They can neither wheedle nor frighten the people who saved the Union from securing it in the way which seems to them most just, most generous, and most enduring. And that security no more requires the impeachment of the President than the hanging of Jefferson Davis.

THE AUTUMN SPECULATION IN WALL STREET.

The usual autumn speculation in Wall Street set in this year later than usual; but thus far it promises to make up for lost time. An advance of 10 @ 15 per cent. has already been realized in some leading stocks, and all have risen enough to return a handsome profit to September buyers. How long the speculation may last, how much higher prices may rise, how soon the turn will come—these are questions which are engrossing the intellects and dividing the opinions of speculators.

It must be remembered, on the one hand, that the autumn rise of this year did not start from a depressed market. Prices were not unusually low in September. On the contrary, taking the price of United States Five-Twenty bonds as the standard, the current quotations of railroad securities last month were fairly up to intrinsic values. The first-class dividend paying stocks were all above par. Chicago and Alton was 110, Fort Wayne was 105, Rock Island (ex-dividend of some 30 per cent.) was 108, New York Central was 110, Reading 115, Hudson 120, Toledo 120, Michigan Central 112. Assuming that United States Five-Twenty bonds, paying 6 per cent. in gold, were not unduly cheap @ 109 @ 110, these prices may, perhaps, be considered a fair average for railway stocks paying from 8 to 12 per cent. per annum. The second-class shares, which pay dividends irregularly, were likewise higher than usual. Erie was over 80; Michigan Southern 84; Pittsburg 88; Northwest, preferred, 70; Northwest, common, 36. So with the miscellaneous shares. Cumberland was over 50; Ohio and Mississippi certificates over 30; Canton, steady, at 54 @ 55; Quicksilver 55, etc., etc. Within a couple of years we have seen all these securities selling for long periods together at prices much lower than these. The autumn speculation of 1866 thus started with the disadvantage of departing from a fair average market, and of undertaking at the very outset to carry prices above what might fairly be considered intrinsic values.

But, on the other hand, no calculations with regard to prices can, in our day, be safely made, without proper allowance for perturbations induced by a variable currency. In other words, no calculations with regard to prices can be safely based on any fixed standard so long as the value of the money in which all prices are reckoned is perpetually changing. So long as the currency consists of paper-money, irredeemable in specie, prices will vary incessantly, widely, capriciously, and in defiance of all rule. They will not always rise with the rise in gold. Sometimes they will do so, but just as often they will fall when gold rises, and rise when it falls. Erie sold at 125 with gold at 150; when gold rose to 250 Erie was 110; when it fell to 128 Erie was 45; when it was 130 Erie was 97; when it was 155 Erie was 60. At all these periods the intrinsic value of Erie was the same, and Wall Street was aware of the fact. The only principle that may be set down as certain, in an era of paper-money, is that prices will fluctuate—that there will be periods of wild speculation, followed by periods of great depression; both of them independent of intrinsic values, and irreconcilable with any known standard.

It is in reliance on this principle that speculators in Wall Street look for higher prices for stocks this fall and winter. They say that two years and a half have elapsed since the last great speculation collapsed; that we have much more paper-money now than we had then; and that the disturbing element of an irredeemable currency being still in full play, the time is ripe for a new carnival, perhaps as crazy as that of 1864. They argue that it is not material from what point the speculation starts. In March, 1864, Fort Wayne was a great purchase at 125; in April it was a great sale at 100. In the one case the tide set upward, in the other downward. It was worth no more in March than in April, no less in April than in March. Yet those who bought in March made their fortunes, and those who bought in April were ruined. In a paper-money era, they say, prices must incessantly be rising or falling; all that you require to discover is which way the tide is setting at the particular moment you operate.

There are two influences which make in favor of the speculators. One is the bank expansion, which is so enormous and unparalleled that the very mention of the figures which bank discounts have reached is enough to start speculation in every article of commerce. In this city alone they have increased 50 per cent. since January, and in the country the expansion has been still greater. The other influence is the prosperous condition of the railway interest. To this we have more than once called attention of late, as being calculated to effect, sooner or later, a radical change in the status of railway securities. To say nothing of such stocks as the Fort Wayne, Rock Island, and Reading, which were very uncertain property only five years ago, and which are now safe 10 per cent. dividend paying stocks; here is the Toledo, which sold its bonds at 50 cents in 1858, and now pays 16 per cent. on its stock; the Hudson River, which for ten years never could earn quite enough to pay its interest, and now pays 8 per cent. and accumulates a surplus for a snug extra dividend some fine morning; the Chicago and Alton, bankrupt in 1857, and now paying 10 per cent., and laying by nearly as much more; even the Harlem, which never used to have any but a nominal value, and which is now going to take a place on the regular dividend paying list. It is impossible that these changes in intrinsic values can take place without corresponding changes in market-prices, and the experience of Wall Street is that the market, in such cases, generally runs about as far in excess of the facts as it had previously lagged behind them.

It is about twelve months since Mr. M'Culloch delivered his Fort Wayne speech. In the December following he reiterated, in his Report to Congress, the cardinal doctrine of that speech, which was currency contraction. Whether he would or could have contracted the currency, if Congress had given him the powers he asked, may be an open question. Certain it is, now, that he has no power to interfere materially with the volume of paper-money; and equally certain that, if he had the power, it would at this period be impolitic to use it, until $150,000,000 of compound legal-tenders are paid off, and the first issue of Seven-Thirty notes maturing next year snugly funded into long bonds. So the speculators do not seem to have much to fear from him.

THE NEW YORK "RING" REVEALED.

The article upon the government of the city of New York in the *North American Review* for October ought to be printed in a cheap and legible form, and read universally. The bald iniquity which is synonymous with that municipal government is as generally familiar to every citizen as his own sins. But here we have the details, the wires, the ropes, the whole machinery by which the widows and orphans are ground into hopeless poverty, and the wages are picked out of the pockets of honest men. The story is told with such humor and felicity, and the study of the subject has been evidently so thorough and faithful, that it would not be surprising if the publication of this article should mark an era of reform, first, by arresting public attention, which mere indignant denunciation will not do; and then by awakening the honest resolution that such shameless corruption and reckless squandering of hard-earned money shall cease somehow or other.

The article opens with a description of the halls of the councilmen and aldermen, and an analysis of the composition of each Board, with the assistants and salaries. Of the twenty-four councilmen the majority are apparently under thirty, and at the time of writing the article some six of them were honorable and honest legislators. The course of proceedings, as observed by the critic in six different sessions, shows that we are all cheated and robbed without the least delay or debate. "The visitor notices a kind of ungovernable propensity to vote for spending money, and a prompt disgust at any obstacle raised or objection made." The instances given are incredible and preposterous. A vote of money requires the presence of three-fourths of the councilmen. When, therefore, any peculiarly luscious job offers itself, a special meeting is called, and the honest members are summoned in such a way as to be sure not to receive the notice until too late. The aldermen are as like the councilmen as twins to each other. And then there is the Board of Supervisors, who take care of the county as the former bodies have charge of the city; the city and county being of exactly the same extent, and identical in every particular. The Board of Supervisors is that exemplary body which, being authorized eight years ago to build a court-house at an expense of not more than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, have already expended upon it two millions and a half, and it stands to-day just half done. Professional architects compute that for every dollar which has gone into the building another has gone into somebody's pockets.

The whole swindle of the "Manual of the Common Council" is also revealed. For an utterly unnecessary book, adorned and eked out with the fac-simile autograph signatures of the aldermen, the tax-payers of New York paid in the year 1865 the neat sum of $57,172 30. Experts in publishing compute the cost of manufacturing this totally useless book at $30,000. The truth is, according to the writer of the article, that the book costs the compiler, who is Clerk to the Common Council, $15,000. The difference between that and $57,172 30 goes out of the pockets of the tax-payers into those other pockets wheresoever they may be. The city contracts are exposed in the same satisfactory manner. The ceremonies of "opening streets" and of appointments to office, including the position of teachers in the public schools, are laid bare. "Another poor girl came on the witness-stand on crutches, and testified that she had paid $75 for a situation of $300 a year;" and it was proved "that the agent of all this foul iniquity was no other than the principal of one of the schools."

On every side and in every detail the municipal Government is an organized system of plunder. In 1830 the city was governed for half a million of dollars. In 1865 the entire government cost more than forty millions. In 1830 the population was a little more than 200,000. It is now about 1,000,000. Thus while the population is five times larger, the cost of governing it is sixteen times greater. And yet such is the value of the productive property owned by the city, that shrewd business men are of opinion "that a private company could govern, sprinkle, clean, and teach the city by contract, taking as compensation only the fair revenue to be derived from its property."

The cause of this astonishing fall from an honest and able city government, in which the best citizens were proud to take part, to the present ignorant and dishonest conspiracy, the writer of the article attributes to the Constitutional change of 1821, which abolished the household restriction upon the suffrage and admitted to the polls every body but criminals and madmen. This change was zealously opposed by Martin Van Buren. But while this was, in the writer's judgment, the cause, the occasion was the railroad grants of 1850 and onward, when "Rings" were first formed and universal spoliation began. At the present time the central "Ring" is composed of about seven men, heads of city departments and others. Candidates for Congress, for the Legislature, and for the numerous appointments of the city authorities must be approved by them.

For the remedy of this evil, which, if not checked, will sooner or later destroy the Government, the writer looks to the Constitutional Convention of next year. The present relief by the interference of the Legislature is, indeed, a necessity, but it can not and ought not, he thinks, to be relied upon, both because the principle is wrong, and because the Legislature is itself rapidly becoming a corrupt body. The writer suggests, therefore, as a fundamental remedy, that while no man should be deprived of the right of suffrage who now legally possesses it, yet that henceforth no man, native or foreign, should be allowed to vote "who can not read English composition of medium difficulty." The ground of the exclusion is, that those who can not read are dependent upon others for information, without which no intelligent vote can be cast. He would further impose a certain tax payment as a qualification; limit the popular elections to Mayor and members of the city Legislature, and abolish the distinction between the city and the county of New York.

The article, which occupies about fifty pages of the *Review*, is the most vigorous, shrewd, and able assault yet made upon our civic iniquity. The dangers of that iniquity are so plain and appalling that no man can doubt the truth of the closing words of the writer: "The thieves must be driven out, if it costs a bloody war; and it will cost a bloody war if they are not." Nor is it at this moment the least startling of the facts of the case that Mr. John T. Hoffman, a Copperhead during the war, is the present candidate of this shameless "Ring" for Governor of New York.

SOUTHERN VIEWS OF THE AMENDMENT.

We observe that many of the Southern papers are very urgent that the Amendment shall not be adopted. Governor Humphreys of Mississippi speaks of it as an insult, and Mr. Wade Hampton declaims upon the duty of the North to conform to the terms upon which the rebel armies surrendered. All of them talk of the section of the country in which they live as their "country," and wish us to understand that they will never submit to indignities, and will die with dignity in the last ditch before they will acquiesce in the Amendment.

Now let us be as frank as these gentlemen. If there were any thing which seemed harsh or unjust in the Amendment we should at once concede that it ought not to be adopted. But they will strive in vain who undertake to prove that it is not magnanimous to take the most legitimate and reasonable security for the future, or that it is unjust upon one side to insist, or upon the other to allow, that the basis of national representation shall not be increased by those whom the States disfranchise. The question at issue is not of sides, or terms, or parties, or sections, it is simply of the existence and security of the nation. When Mr. Wade Hampton tells us, of an unsuccessful and utterly causeless and cruel effort to destroy this nation, that all is lost but honor, what idea of honor can he be supposed to entertain, and how is it possible for him to conceive the amused contempt with which honorable men listen to his words?

The adoption of the Amendment is regarded by the loyal people of the country as essential to the national security. It is repudiated by the late rebels as insulting and dishonorable. If, then, it becomes a point of tenacity, which party is more likely to yield? There is nothing said at the South about rejecting the Amendment which is comparable in fury to what was incessantly said and reiterated during the war about never surrendering. But those who said it most stoutly and most sincerely, and those who believed them, have seen the result. The last ditch was nothing but the consciousness that further fighting was useless. And has the war thrown no light upon the quality of Northern tenacity? Do the elections leave the Northern determination doubtful? Do the late rebels and their friends still suppose that the stale threat of staying out forever rather than assent to the Amendment has any other effect than to fortify impregnably the resolution of the people?

The editors and orators of the Southern States forget that it is not the country of fifteen, or even of six and seven years ago, with which they have to deal. They forget that those who, affecting to be their friends and to know Northern sentiment, urge them to oppose and reject the Amendment are utterly scorned by the controlling masses and opinion of the loyal States, and are wholly powerless to stem the great flood of popular conviction and purpose. They should remember that assent is required to the Amendment not as an arbitrary condition upon which the unrepresented States may be restored, but as a measure of essential justice and national welfare. It is a mild and moderate proposition which assumes a certain state of feeling in the Southern States. If that assumption proves to be mistaken, another policy will become just as certainly the necessity of the situation, and it will be just as universally supported as the present. The paramount right of the nation is to secure its existence, and it will do it just as decisively in legislation as it did in war. It is an incalculable misfortune for the true interest of our fellow-citizens at the South that the action of the Government and the real public opinion of the country are misinterpreted to them by such intolerable gasconade as the speech of Wade Hampton and the Message of Governor Humphreys.

ABUSES OF RAILWAY TRAVEL.

There are certain abuses in the conduct of our railroads which have been brought into recent notice by the tragical death of Mr. Dwight, and which the people ought not to tolerate any longer. The trains ought never to be moved without due and sharp warning, and a careful observation of the proper officers that there is no evident risk; and railroad companies should be restrained by law from locking any car when there are passengers in it. In the station at Jersey City Mr. Dwight, an old gentleman of seventy, was thrown from the train, which moved without sufficient warning, and his daughter, being locked into a car, was brutally insulted by the conductor, and finally put out upon the track at her request, and, with her child, made the best of her way back to her father, who on the next day died of his injuries.

Upon all railroads there are among the officers with whom the passengers are thrown many truly kind and thoughtful persons whom we remember with pleasure, and who would certainly agree with us that from very many others passengers are subjected to the most surly and even insolent treatment. If questions are answered at all by these gentry, it is with a mixture of surprise at the audacity of the questioner, and of contempt for his insignificance which is not encouraging to the further pursuit of knowledge upon such terms. The arrival of baggage they resent as a personal indignity, and they wreak their vengeance in a manner of which the trunks of every traveler are fatal witnesses. Indeed the experienced traveler has learned by experience to avoid all intercourse with the persons of whom we speak, so far as avoidance is practicable.

And why are drunken men permitted to travel in the cars with decent people? Whoever travels much by rail is sure frequently to find himself sitting near a man who whistles, sings, shouts, and threatens in the madness of drink. Scores of times we have ourselves seen a conductor pass such an offender with a half-confused half-ashamed smile, as if he knew that it was a rank offense, but that he had no remedy. Why has he no remedy? Why do not the New Jersey Railroad Company, and the New Haven Company, and Mr. Vanderbilt, who is the Hudson and Harlem Company, strictly order their conductors to stop any train at a proper place and put out the drunkard, or secure him in some fit solitude upon the train? Or why do the passengers, gentlemen with their wives or mothers or daughters, submit to it? Why do they not demand that the conductor shall remove the sinner? Is not a fair share of our reputed national good-humor merely pusillanimity?

For the remedy is in the hands of the travelers. The trains will be clean, orderly, and safe, if the passengers insist that they shall be. Officers of every grade will cultivate good manners if their ill-manners are publicly exposed. There is no sanitary purifier like the sun, and the sun of publicity will purify many of the serious annoyances to which railway passengers are now exposed. Nothing is more for the interest of the companies and of the various assistants than the friendly feeling which springs from pleasant manners. They cost nothing, says the proverb; but they bring in a great deal.

Yet locking cars and starting without the sound of bell or steam or voice are offenses of which the law should take cognizance. If companies and conductors know that heavy damages must be paid for immuring passengers or for exposing them to the consequences of unwarned jerks and starts, they will be as careful to avoid them as they now are to obey the Connecticut law, which stops every train before crossing a draw-bridge. The improvements of railway travel are very few and very slow; but the sad death of Mr. Dwight warns every man how foolish a risk the railroad companies make him run.

A FIRE ON THE "PLYMOUTH ROCK."

We have as yet seen no published account of an incident which might have had the most lamentable consequences, and which was apparently the result of a negligence which should be exposed.

A passenger by the *Plymouth Rock* steamer from Stonington, upon one of her late trips, was aroused at about two o'clock in the morning by a cry of fire, and saw that his state-room was crimson with the light. He sprang up, and opening his door he saw the flames rising from the floor of the saloon as if they had burned through from below. At the same time another passenger, who had given the alarm, came from his state-room with all the bedding from his berth, to which our informant added his, and the two gentlemen succeeded in smothering the flame before the rest of the passengers had assembled. But the cry had gone through the steamer, and as the saloon was full of thick smoke, and it could not be known that the fire was stopped, the alarm and agitation were very great. Gradually, however, it was understood that the danger had passed, and the passengers slowly retired.

The gentlemen who discovered the fire were, of course, ignorant of its origin until a kerosene lamp was taken out from under the bed-clothes which had been thrown upon the flame. One of the gentlemen had heard a fall, and upon looking out, discovered the fire; so that the conclusion was inevitable that it had been caused by the fall and explosion or merely the emptying of the lamp upon the floor. It seems most probable that some one had been reading at a late hour in the saloon by the light of a kerosene lamp which had been left upon the table, and the jar of the machinery had moved the marble pedestal of the lamp along the marble surface of the table until it fell from the edge. The sound of the fall was fortunately heard, and by the good sense and activity of the two gentlemen the steamer and how many lives were saved!

Is it the habit of the Sound steamers to supply kerosene lamps to midnight readers? Is it the custom of the watchman in the saloon to drop asleep, or is there no watchman? Do these or other steamers often take fire or escape mortal peril without any general knowledge of the fact? These and other equally interesting questions naturally suggest themselves to the reflecting reader. There seems in this instance to have been culpable carelessness somewhere, and it is very clear that the police of the steamer might be improved. We might add, also, for the information of the benevolent passenger who nimbly brought a pail of water and emptied it upon the legs and feet of the gentlemen who were extinguishing the fire, that water only spreads burning kerosene without extinguishing it. Of course he could not know at the time that the fire was caused by kerosene, and he will certainly take our suggestion kindly.

One obvious moral of the tale is, that when passengers are ready to go to bed upon the Sound steamers they should glance at the marble-topped tables in the saloon, and see if any marble-bottomed kerosene lamps are dancing on them.

LITERARY.

The November Number of *Harper's Magazine* completes the thirty-third volume, and the thirty-fourth opens upon a prosperity which is alike gratifying and remarkable. *Harper's* is truly the People's Magazine. It touches the popular interest and sympathy with constant skill, and it is an established domestic institution in thousands of households all over the land. The secret of its success is to be found partly in the careful variety of its articles, and the graphic and admirable illustrations which adorn them, but chiefly in the editorial sagacity which apprehends the popular taste so nicely that, after its long career, the *Monthly* enters with unflagging freshness upon its new volume. This popularity is an agreeable and significant illustration of American character. For the Magazine which is thus foremost in public regard is of a quality which no other such periodical in the world rivals. Among the promises of the new volume is a tale by George F. Harrington, the author of the remarkable novel, "Inside," lately published by the Harpers. It is called "The Virginian in Texas," and will be, like "Inside," the work of one who thoroughly understands the life of which he writes, and whose power and skill in narration are established. The papers of picturesque travel, of natural history, of popular scientific research, with all the pleasant literary miscellany of story, poetry, biography, and humor, will be continued; and the new friends and readers of *Harper* will understand why its old friends and readers never tire of their cheerful and instructive monthly visitor.

The Harpers have published a new and convenient library edition of "Felix Holt, the Radical," which will enable all those who place "Adam Bede" and the "Mill on the Floss" among the best novels upon their shelves and tables to give them a uniform companion. The popularity of this novel is very great. It has been strictly the novel of the year, both in England and this country, and has a peculiar interest for us at this time, when the electoral question, which was the great debate of England in the time of Felix Holt, is engaging every intelligent mind in this country.

"An American Family in Germany," by J. Ross Browne, is a volume of humorous descriptive sketches just issued by the Harpers, which are not amusing merely, but have a great deal of shrewd observation and mother-wit. Mr. Browne is known for a vein of peculiar humor, which has found much of its subject in the extreme frontier life of this country; but his "Yusef"—a book of Eastern travel—is perhaps the work by which he is most generally known, except to the readers of *Harper's Magazine*, who know him as one of the most entertaining *raconteurs* of life at the mines. The present volume contains observations in Germany, a 'Whirl through Algeria," and "Visit to the Salt-mines of Wieliczka," and is illustrated by the author's graphic and lively pencil. His criticisms upon life in Germany are unique and original, and the reader may be very sure that he will find nothing stale or wearisome in Mr. Browne's pages. "I have here given my experiences of life and character," he says, "warning you that they were picked up in a reckless, harum-scarum way, as the vagabond who lies down in a haystack or a stubble-field to pass the night picks up the husks, burrs, and seeds that happen to stick to his coat." But we warn the reader not to take the author at his word, or in throwing away what is called chaff he will reject plump wheat.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MISSISSIPPI LEGISLATURE.

The Mississippi Legislature met October 16. Governor Humphreys delivered his message at the opening of the session. The Governor said in regard to the Constitutional Amendment:

"Though our voice can not be heard nor our rights respected in the adjustment of our federal relations, many questions present themselves for our consideration and action as citizens of the State that may affect our condition as citizens in the Union. Prominent among them is the amendment proposed by Congress as No. 14, which, at the request of the honorable Secretary of State, Wm. H. Seward, I herewith report for your action. This amendment, adopted by a Congress of less than three-fourths of the States of the Union, in palpable violation of the rights of more than one-fourth of the States, is such an insulting outrage and denial of the equal rights of so many of our worthiest citizens who have shed lustre and glory upon our section and our race, both in the forum and in the field, such a gross usurpation of the rights of the State, and such a centralization of power in the Federal Government, that I presume a mere reading of it would cause its rejection by you."

The Governor also opposed the Civil Rights bill, on the ground that it conflicted with State law. He added: "While the Civil Rights bill can not be received as a rule for our guidance, the interests of the white race will be subserved by the relaxation of the rigidity of our laws, which, in order to guard society against threatening evils, was rendered necessary. Public justice to both races demands the admission of negro testimony in all cases brought before the civil and criminal courts. Now that the negro has shown a confiding and friendly disposition toward the white race, and a desire to engage in the pursuits of honest labor, justice and honor demand of us full protection to his person and property, real and personal. Fire-arms are not essential to his protection of property or his happiness, and society should be guarded by requiring him to procure a license to carry them—a privilege he can always secure where his character for good-conduct and honesty is known."

DEATH OF JOHN VAN BUREN.

The arrival of the *Scotia*, on October 16, brought the intelligence of the death of John Van Buren, the son of President Martin Van Buren. He took passage on the *Scotia* for this country against the advice of his physicians, and died October 13, three days before the steamer's arrival. He had intended to take a prominent part in the political campaign in this State.

John Van Buren was born at Hudson in 1810; graduated at Yale in 1830, and has been for twenty-five years prominent before the public as a lawyer and a politician. In 1845 he was appointed Attorney-General of New York State by the Legislature. He has always acted with the Democratic party.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Republican majority in Iowa is estimated at from 40,000 to 45,000.

The Texas House of Representatives has rejected the Constitutional Amendment by a vote of 67 to 5.

Hon. Charles Sumner was married in Boston, October 17, to Mrs. Alice Hooper, daughter of Jonathan Mason, Esq., of that city. The nuptial ceremonies were performed by Bishop Eastburn.

Mr. George Peabody has given $150,000 to found and maintain a Museum and Professorship of American Archæology and Ethnology in connection with Harvard University. He has also donated $100,000 to Yale College, to establish a Museum of Natural History.

On the 22d of October a base-ball match was played at Philadelphia between the "Atlantics" of Brooklyn and the "Athletics" of Philadelphia, the latter club gaining the victory by a score of 27 against 12.

Since the fire at Portland on July 4, there have been between six and seven hundred buildings erected, including fifteen three-story brick and granite blocks, containing in all twenty-four stores. The total contributions received by Mayor Stevens of Portland for the relief of the sufferers by the fire lack but $12,000 of half a million.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

October 19:

(Florence.)—The cession of the Province of Venetia to the Italian Government was fully completed to-day.

(Berlin.)—Rumors are afloat that the Prusso-Saxon Military Convention have agreed on a basis of a common occupation of Saxony.

(Paris.)—The French statesman, M. Thouvenel, died to-day.

October 22:

(Madrid.)—Spain has announced her intention to uphold the temporal power of the Pope after the French forces leave Rome.

(Hamburg.)—The United States iron-clad *Miantonomoh* and the other vessels of the American fleet are at Hamburg.

(Berlin.)—The Prusso-Saxon treaty of peace was finally signed to-day.

(Florence.)—The plebescitum of Venetia has resulted in nearly a unanimous vote for union with Italy.

(Vienna.)—A steamer will sail from Trieste for Mexico forthwith by express order of the Emperor Francis Joseph. [May not this be confirmatory of the rumor that the Empress Carlotta is afflicted with insanity?—Ed.]

HURRICANE AT THE BAHAMAS.

The results of the late hurricane at the Bahama Islands are thus portrayed by Lieutenant-Commander William Gibson, commanding the United States steamer *Tahoma*: "The centre of the hurricane passed over the island of New Providence on the 1st inst., and the scene of wreck and devastation is marvelous and very sad to see. More than half of Nassau is in ruins. Most of the houses are unroofed; many blown to pieces; and some moved bodily from their foundations into the streets. Churches, warehouses, and other buildings of solid stone are shattered as if by a bombardment. The trees are destroyed, leaf and branch, as if by a conflagration. Nearly every vessel and boat is sunk or swept high and dry. On the outer islands the destruction of property and the consequent suffering is said to be dreadful. The important light at the "Hole in the Wall" is not burning. The harbor light here is only a temporary lantern. The lights on the Stirrup Key, on the Great Isaacs, and on the Gun Key are reported to be uninjured, though the tower on the first-named is crooked. Judging from the dismantled and otherwise distressed vessels that we have seen, both at sea and in this port, the chapter of casualties from this hurricane will not be a brief one."

SOUTH AMERICA.

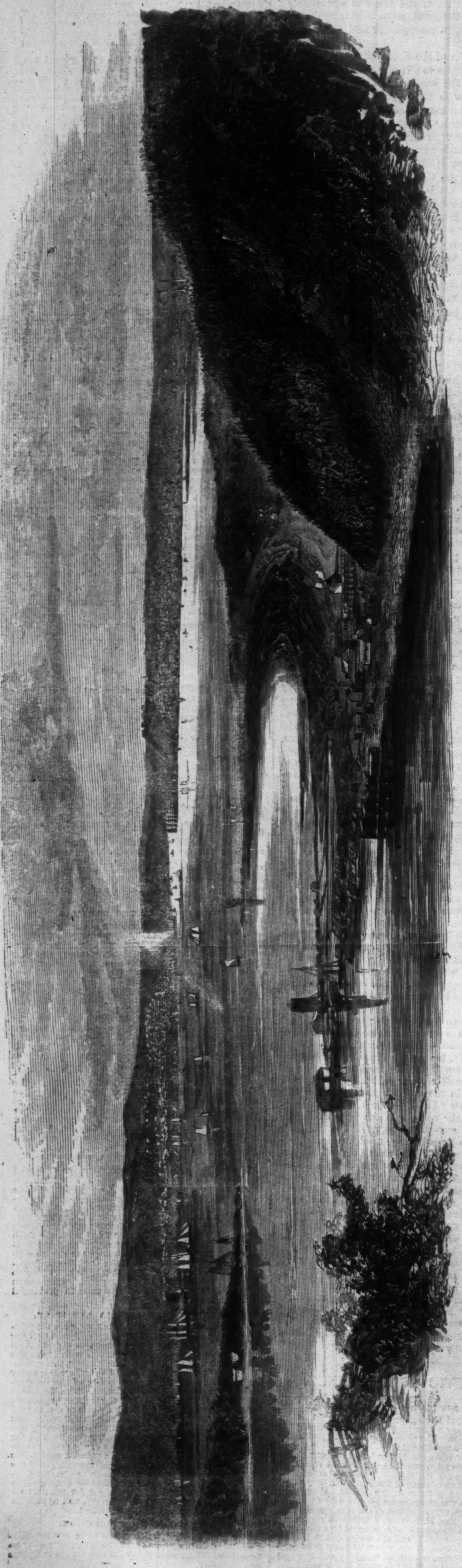
We have dates from Rio Janeiro to the 25th, and from Buenos Ayres to the 12th ult. The Brazilian fleet in the Paraguay had suffered a severe loss in the blowing up by a torpedo of the fine iron-clad *Rio Janeiro*, and with her a small mortar-boat. This happened in the bombardment of a fort near Curupaiti. Nearly all the crew of the iron-clad perished. There are conflicting stories of a heavy battle on the lines around Curupaiti—one account saying that the Brazilians captured a strong fort, but at the great sacrifice of more than a thousand men; the other story discredits the affair altogether. Brazil is preparing to send 10,000 more men to the Plate; and a call has been made by President Mitre for 3000 more in provincial contingents.

TREATY BETWEEN AUSTRIA AND ITALY.

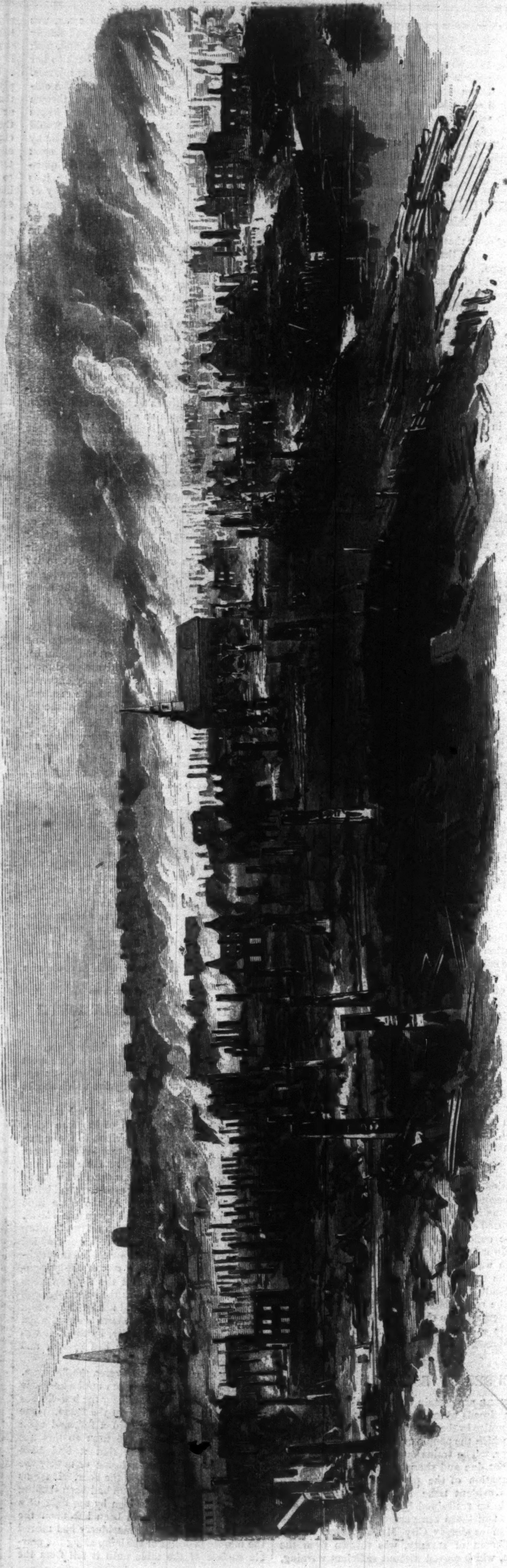
A Florence dispatch says the following are the principal conditions of the treaty of peace, signed October 3: The mutual exchange of all prisoners of war; Austria consents to the union of Venetia with Italy; the frontiers to be ceded to Italy are those which constituted the administration front of Venetia while under the Austrian dominion; the amount of the debt assumed by Italy is 35,000,000 florins. The Venetians residing in Austria are to have the right of preserving their Austrian nationality. All objects of art, as well as the exclusives belonging to Venetia, will be restored without exception. The iron crown of Lombardy will also be given up to Italy. Another provision of the treaty stipulates for the restitution of the private property belonging to the Italian Ex-princes, which has been sequestered by the Italian Government, with the reservation of the rights of the State, or one-third. A complete amnesty will be accorded by both Austria and Italy to all persons condemned for political offenses, to deserters from either army, and to persons compromised by their political conduct.

THE CANDIAN INSURRECTION.

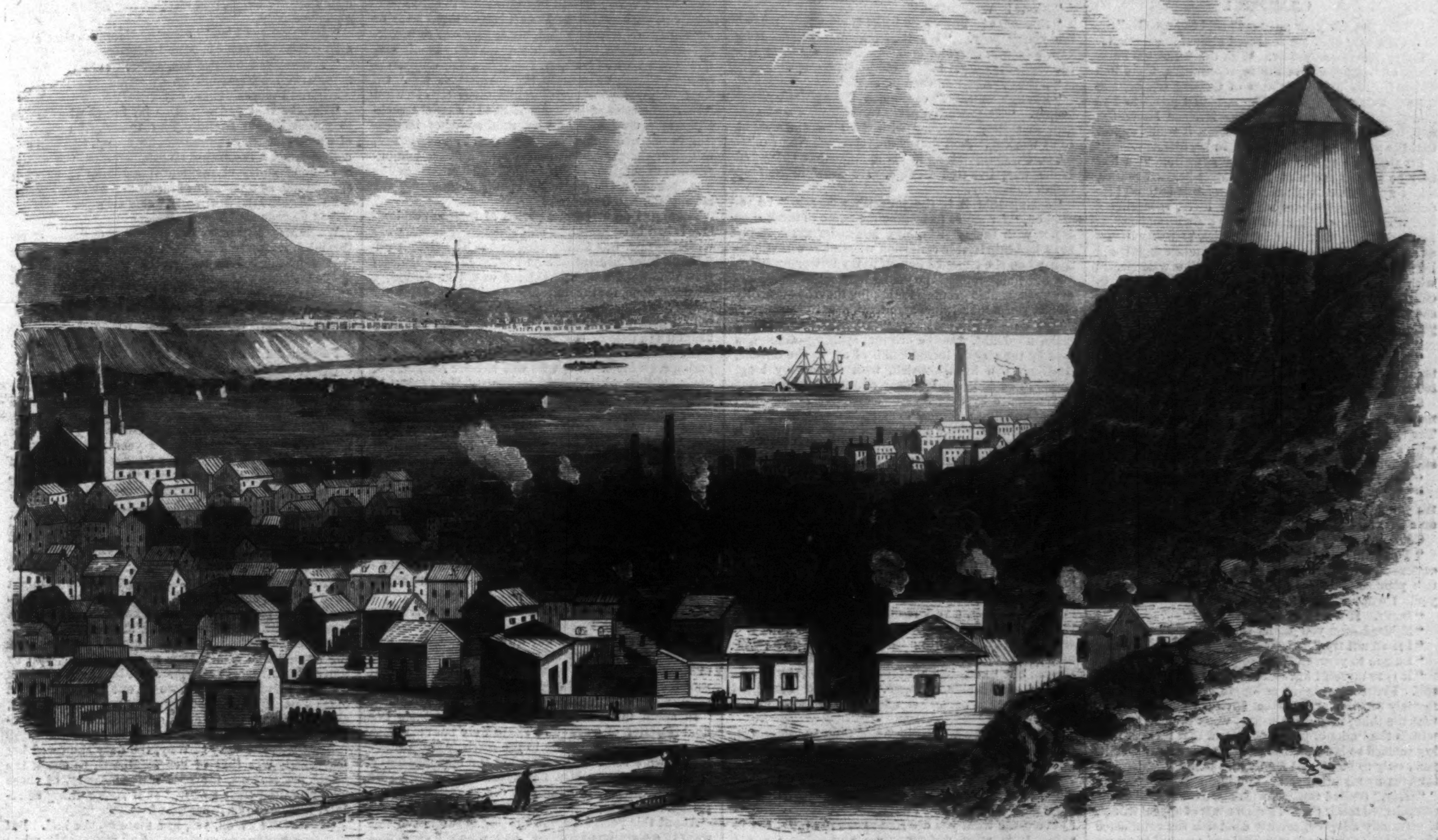
The Candian insurrection is said to be less formidable, and there are rumors that the insurgents offer to negotiate. There were 30,000 Turkish troops in Epirus and Thessaly.



VIEW OF THE CITY AND HARBOR OF QUEBEC FROM MONTMORENCY RIVER.—[Photographed by Notman, Montreal.]



THE GREAT FIRE AT QUEBEC—VIEW OF THE RUINS.—Photographed by W. A. Leggo & Co., Quebec.—[See Page 702.]



ST. ROCH, QUEBEC—THE PORTION OF THE CITY DESTROYED BY FIRE.—Sketched by C. D. Shanly.—[See Page 702.]

PARIS FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

There are no particular novelties in fashion at the present moment in Paris. One would have to seek for them at Biarritz, where all the beau-monde are now congregated. The most striking toilet we have recently seen was a robe of light gray taffeta, with a train of moderate length, made without gathers in the front and trimmed at the bottom with a silk fringe. A large "biais" of gray satin, in the centre of which was an entre-deux of white cluny, ran down the entire front of the robe, half-way down each side of which was a similar ornament. A small Figaro vest, cut out at the bottom in squares and trimmed at the shoulders and cuffs with gray satin and white cluny, supplied the place of a corsage. The belt, which fastened behind, was of gray satin, and also trimmed with cluny. This robe was worn with a chemisette of plain white crape, with a frill of very fine cluny round the neck. Another toilet worthy of mention consisted of a robe of black foulard, cut round the bottom into large vandykes and lying flat upon a jupe of scarlet cashmere, except at the sides, where it was caught up by two scarlet rosettes. The casaque, also of black foulard, was very short and trimmed with a narrow scarlet piping at the shoulders, the collar, and the cuffs, and with scarlet and black silk buttons. We may mention, as an example of a quiet evening dress, a robe of brown taffeta, with black satin stripes, with a long black sash tied behind. The corsage is made extremely low. With this dress a Spanish "basquine" of black lace, closed at the front with small rose-buds, is worn.

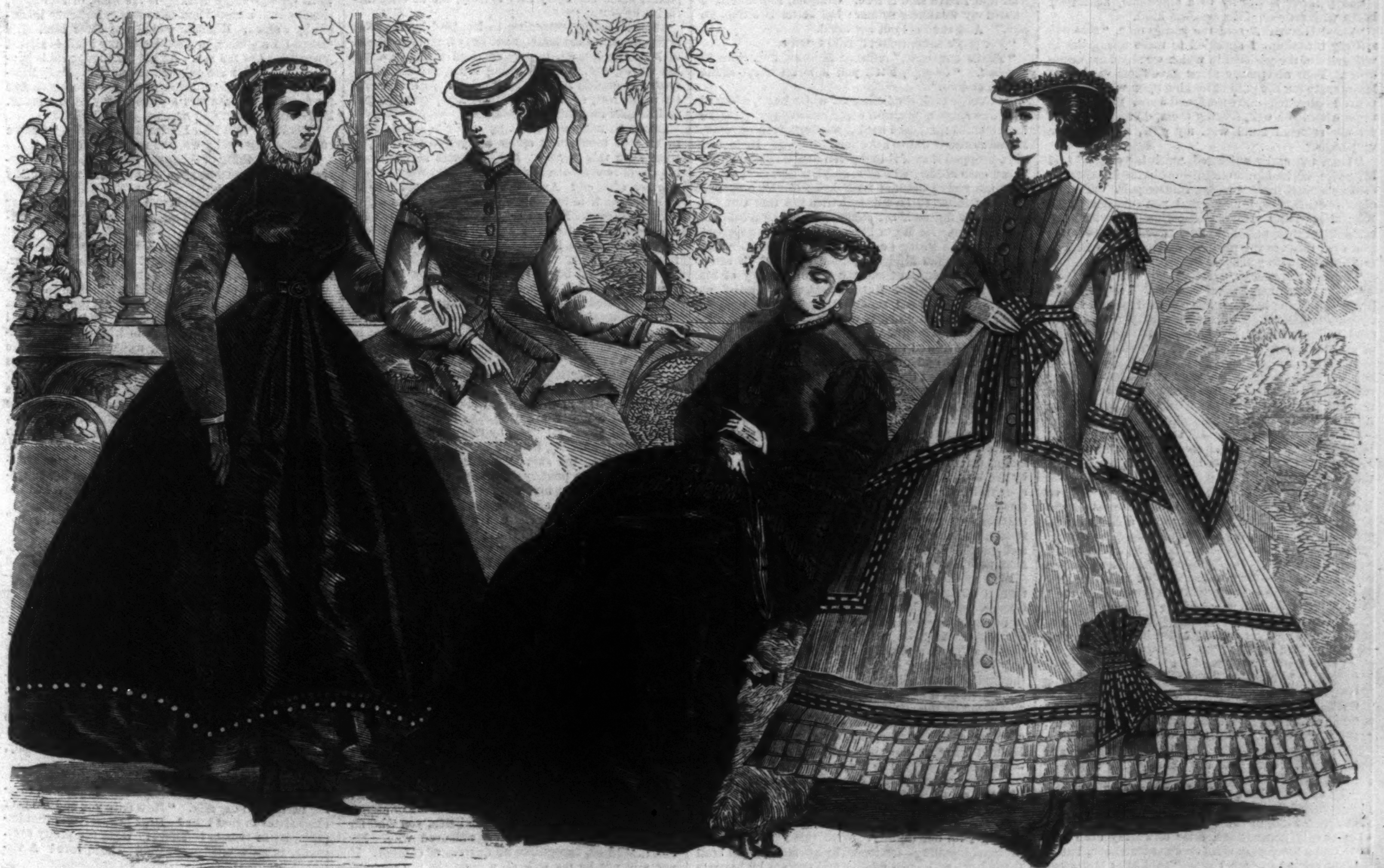
THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. Robe of black taffeta, scolloped at the lower part and trimmed with small white balls; belt ornamented with jet beads. Under-jupe and sleeves of blue silk or cashmere. Chapeau Lamballe, encircled with small gold coins, with similar coins attached to a chain of white lace, which falls beneath the chin.

Fig. 2. Robe of silver-gray mohair, trimmed at the lower part with cerise-colored ribbon, above which is a narrow row of black guipure. Cassaque of the same color and material as the robe, and trimmed to correspond. Cream-colored glazed sailor's hat, also trimmed with cerise-colored ribbon.

Fig. 3. Robe of black moire antique. Paletot of black cashmere, embroidered with jet ornaments and with a fringe of the same. Chapeau Lamballe of lemon-colored tulle, trimmed with flowers and violet-colored ribbon.

Fig. 4. Robe and casaque of striped foulard, trimmed with black and white galloon. The jupe of white cambric, with broad plaits. Straw-hat, encircled with a garland of flowers.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER, 1866.

A MERE SCRATCH.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"This, then, is your answer?" said George Gosling, in a voice that emotion rendered almost inarticulate.

George was twenty-four. With the famed old baronetcy of which he was the representative, there had descended to him the estate of Gosling Graize, and sixteen thousand a year. These, with himself, he had placed at the disposition of Miss Mildred Mulcaster, and, from the tone of his observation, it would appear that the young lady had decided in his disfavor.

Sir George had been taken by surprise. The like may be said of the ingenuous, single-hearted reader, when apprised that Miss Mulcaster had entered into deliberate engagements with her lover, accepting a betrothal ring, supplemented with gifts innumerable; had written to, or received from him, as many letters as an ordinary postman of these degenerate days could lift; had polked, deux-tempsed, and otherwise circled with him at least one hundred and fifty miles; had, in effect, deported herself on all, or most occasions (for she was wayward and given to teasing), as an engaged young person should.

"This, then, is your answer?"

"Yes. Take it," said Miss Mulcaster; "and," extending her white hands, "as they say in melodramas, *be* happy."

She was laughing. But George had not studied the map of that fair face three anxious years for nothing. The laugh was a disguise. Therefore, though stricken with a miserable apprehension, he hesitated for an instant to accept his fate.

"But, Mildred—"

"Miss Mulcaster—Sir George Gosling," interrupted the young lady, as though reintroducing those parties on a new footing.

George resumed:

"You will, you must, forgive me, Mil—Miss Mulcaster—if, for the moment, I can not successfully imitate your self-possession. It is a great gift. I envy you. I will not ask—"

"Don't. It would be useless."

"Mildred—can you justify this conduct?"

"I shall not try."

"I mean to yourself?"

"It is to myself I have already appealed—my calmer self. Flattered at being at length consulted, that extremely sensible and discreet adviser frankly declares that the thing is impracticable—was never, in reality, within the limits of possibility—and that its ever having seemed so is a weakness on my—my common self's part, only to be atoned for by an instant dismissal of the idea by my other self. You understand?"

"Only," replied George, with a sad smile, "that the complicated machinery of such a court of appeal would, if generally adopted, greatly diminish the confidence we delight to repose in every act and word of those we love. Ah, Mildred—there, forgive me—we are creatures of habit; is it only now that you have deemed it worth the pains to inquire, of one or both these differing selves, what were your real feelings toward me? *Now?*"

"No. I knew them. They have never changed," said Mildred, slightly flushing.

"How! Not changed? And our union impossible?"

"Quite. I abandon it, taking every consequence."

"And your words—your professions—"

"Go—as bets do—with the stakes!" laughed the young beauty, recklessly. But the still augmenting color entered a sufficing protest against this assumption of indifference.

"And—and those presents?" stammered George.

"Await your disposal, Sir."

She pointed haughtily to a side-table, absolutely laden with articles of the costliest kind.

"Good Heavens!" said the young man, "*that* was not my meaning. I appealed to these things but as witnesses of the position in which we stood to one another. Your acceptance alone gave them value. At least, spare me the pain of looking upon what you approved—accepted—have used, and worn. Bestow them upon whom you will, destroy them, do any thing but fill my rejected hand with my gifts, alike deemed worthless."

"I am too easily entreated, much too easily," said Miss Mildred, looking so exquisitely beautiful that poor George's heart thrilled with a wild despair. "But, on certain conditions, I may grant you this one thing. Do you hear, Sir? It must be distinctly provided and understood that, neither by look, word, nor deed, will you ever recur to the position we have lately held to one another. Do you agree?"

"I am at your mercy. But—"

"Now, remember, I never threaten. I act," said the imperious young lady. "The coolest footing of ordinary acquaintance. Think of me, when you *must* think (and don't say I didn't frankly warn you against doing so at at all), no worse than circumstances seem to demand, for, somehow, I would like to retain the—the fringe—the hem, though somewhat frayed—of your good opinion—honest simple garment as it was! And now, Sir George Gosling, as I believe I have already remarked, farewell! Be happy."

She rose, with a company-air, to which George would have preferred a stab, and seemed expecting him to leave her. But the young man still hesitated. The enigma was yet unsolved.

"Miss Mulcaster," he said, very calmly, "I have bowed to your decision, and to the utmost of my ability I will observe your somewhat difficult conditions. I put aside all pretense of a *right* to question you, and, only as a matter of further generosity on your part, do I entreat of you to furnish me with some clew to the fault—the misadventure—I know not how to term it—that has produced this change. You see I do not plead for a reversal of the sentence, I do but inquire its provocation."

Mildred looked sorrowfully at the imploring face of her young lover.

"You ask what you have done? Nothing."

"Nothing? No fault?"

"None—of your own."

"What, then, can you mean?"

"The errors of one generation," said the young lady, gravely, "are frequently adopted by its successors. So far, Sir George, you can not be held guiltless, and must, at all events, bear the penalty, like others of your name."

"My ancestors have not, I believe, been wholly undistinguished," replied the young man, with quiet dignity. "True, in the course of a descent of more than twenty generations, *some* unworthy deed may have cast a temporary stain on our escutcheon, but—"

"The crime to which I refer," said Miss Mulcaster, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, "has been transmitted—willfully and wittingly—from sire to son. Your n—n—"

The word was lost in a suffocating sob. Mildred was weeping without restraint.

"My *what?*" said her bewildered lover.

"N—na—name!"

"Name! What name?"

"Nonsense! You know I like G—George," sobbed the young lady. "It's the—oth—the other. How your e—eldest ancestor could have c—come by it, is a m—mys—mystery. Stupid old b—b—booby!"

"Booby!" repeated George, aghast.

"Enough of this!" exclaimed the spirited young beauty. "No power on earth would induce me to appear in society burdened with the style and title of Lady Gosling. And that is the secret you wanted."

There was something in her manner that, enamored as he was, irritated George. He drew himself up rather haughtily.

"Seeing that it is the prevailing custom," he remarked, "for ladies to assume the name of those they honor with their hands, Miss Mulcaster must surely have had this terrific condition within her contemplation when she engaged herself to my unworthy self."

"She had," replied the young lady, "she had, however, reasonable grounds for hoping that the absurdity which, you yourself must admit, attaches to your name, might be softened—either by returning to what, I make no doubt, was the original spelling—Gausselin—or by the simple introduction of a *t* in the middle, Gostling, you know—which, with the *o* very long, wouldn't be so bad. Both these hints were suggested to you—once by dear mamma, once by Louey—but, except eliciting a display of temper for which, I dare say, you were afterward sorry (if you were not, it wasn't *my* fault), the remonstrance had no effect."

"Fancy remonstrating with a man on the name his fathers have borne for six centuries!" said George. "I should have been greatly to blame if I had allowed you for one moment to believe that I could comply with either of your ingenious schemes for the amelioration of my patronymic. Still, Miss Mulcaster permitted her engagement to continue."

"She did. (It's a capital idea of yours, that of speaking in the third person, as if I were at the antipodes.) Miss Mulcaster, Sir, acted as you describe. She was, in some respects, a very remarkable woman—possessing considerable strength of mind, and a singular persistence in purpose. She fought with her own prejudices, and imagined, at one time, she had overcome them. She liked—she honored—nay, well, she *loved*—the bearer of a hideous name. But, under the actual burden of that name, her nature would have pined, succumbed."

"Enough, Miss Mulcaster," said the young baronet, thoroughly roused. "I have the honor to wish you good-morning."

"I am not jesting, Geo—Sir George"—(and the young lady became suddenly grave). "Do not leave me under a false impression. I did strive—strive honestly—to overcome what you are free to call my folly, but in vain. It is most unfortunate. Any other name I could have borne. But, so long as you remain a Gosling, George, I can not, will not, be your wife."

"You are aware that a change of name involves the loss of the estate; but, Mildred," added the young lover, "if *you* are content to be poor—"

"I am *not*," said Mildred, frankly.

"Can this be so? Neither share my poverty nor my name?"

"I have proved to you that I can not help myself," said Mildred. "I am a naughty, foolish girl, and should have no excuse, had I not, with all my might, combated this strange feeling. You are very good and generous, and, if I have pretended to treat the matter lightly, it was because I dared not approach it in a serious spirit. George, forgive me"—and the beautiful head, under the influence of one of Mildred's rare touches of feeling, stooped penitently forward—"all that I have said is true. Granted, I should have known my weakness sooner; but better late than *too* late." And she held out her hand.

"For pity's sake, reflect!" said George.

"That's nonsense," retorted Mildred, imperious to the last. "George, I tell you it is all over; shake hands, and go."

Sir George took the little cold white hand, adorned with one ring—a beautiful sapphire—his first gift (she had retained that), and held it wistfully for a moment. In one month it was to have been his own. He looked at it, dropped it as if it had given him a mortal sting, gazed once in Mildred's face, and left her.

As the young baronet rode down the lime avenue just beginning to be touched with the first tints of autumn, he felt as if the summer of his own life had departed too. He might live on this many a year, live to pardon the wrong he had sustained, live to marry some other than Mildred, perhaps to tell, in after-years—names suppressed—the warning story of his first youthful passion. But the first, the peerless flower of love, had been rudely stricken down ungathered; and there are hearts which, in such a case, disdain to produce another.

George reviewed the whole history of his blighted affection. He had known Mildred nearly twenty years—at all events, at their first interview, the young lady, clad in a white spencer, a frill, and a coral necklace, came, led by her nurse, to pass the day with his sister Clara. The intimacy increased. There were adventurous excursions upon a rocking-horse—an exceedingly restive animal, which Mildred would only consent to mount on condition that George restrained him firmly by the bit. There was a long-remembered gooseberry-raid, in which blood was shed and a frock severely compromised; likewise a long and fond inspection of that inexhaustible phenomenon, the golden fish; and, finally, a tip-toe visit to the extraordinary novelty of a chaffinch's nest, redeemed at a ransom of twopence from the gardener's boy.

Even at this early period the question of a matrimonial alliance had been apparently mooted, since George, rescuing his love from a gloomy dungeon of three chairs, escaped with her on the rocking-horse, the lady holding on with difficulty by the untrustworthy tail. Overtaken in a distant province of Tartary by a pursuing band composed of Clara Gosling the fugitives surrendered, but only on condition of being united on the spot, the ceremony being obligingly performed by the pursuer herself.

Upon the death of General Mulcaster his widow gave up her town-house, and, with her two children—Mildred being at that time thirteen, and Louisa ten—came to reside at The Haie, a pretty but not very extensive property, some five or six miles from Gosling Graize.

There was no talk now of little husbands and wives. Miss Mulcaster, aged thirteen, understood no ribald jesting with her dignity. With this young lady the process of spoiling—instituted by her father—had been carried out with such fidelity and success by her mother, that, but for the child's really generous and loving nature, she would have been the most intolerable little tyrant that ever ruled a household. Few could resist the spell of her marvelous beauty; fewer still the thousand witcheries the little despot had at her command. As for the household themselves, they had long been willing bond-slaves, the only strife among them being which should be the readier to obey.

It was, perhaps, sister Louey, bright and clever as her elder, and so pretty that, but for a sister so unfairly fair, *she* might have been the spoiled one—it was Louey alone who dared, on very great and critical occasions, to run counter to the sovereign's will. On some of these poor Louey—like other too-forward revolutionists—had been the victim of a cruel treachery. Her mother—her very mother—after instigating her by every species of argument to insurrection, would, if the movement failed, after a feeble demonstration of support, desert her ally, and, craven as she was, purchase immunity by openly denouncing the mutiny she had fomented!

There had occurred one period of intense perplexity. It had been hinted by a devoted band of real well-wishers—nay, was tacitly admitted at The Haie itself—that a brief interval of *school* between Miss Mulcaster's childhood and womanhood would be decidedly advantageous to the latter. But how to effect it? *School!* School for the indomitable Mildred—petted, willful idol, whom one and all had joined in placing beyond the pale of restraint or reproof of any kind! But for the heroic devotion of Louisa nothing would, perhaps, be done. She, who was to have remained at home, undertook not only to present the project to her sister's mind, but, in the event of success, to accompany her, as school-mate and general attendant, her duties being to dress, soothe, and comfort her, assist her with her lessons, take her punishments, if any, and generally abet and promote all such whims, fancies, and eccentricities as might be found compatible with scholastic life.

Louey's proposal elicited but little surprise. It was, every body felt, a natural thing, and merely fell to Louey, as it were, in the line of duty, no other slave being eligible for the office required. So, gravely kissing her mother, as though she were bound on some remote and perilous mission, Louisa sought her sister.

To the unspeakable amazement of the whole house Miss Mulcaster received the unexpected representation not only with clemency but with pleasure. She had been in search of a new idea. She was a little wearied of always having her own way. "School!" School was the very thing she had been wanting. (Loney assented.) When should they go? To-day?

In about three months Mrs. Mulcaster made her final selection of a school. There were but seven pupils, and the terms, owing to the carriage and ladies'-maids, were somewhat high; but the opportunity of two vacancies with Mrs. Lofthouse was not to be let slip, and thither, accordingly, the young ladies repaired.

About this period George Gosling quitted Eton and went to a German university; and, with the exception of a few weeks, during which he and Mildred did not meet, was not again in England until the decease of his father summoned him, at the age of twenty-two, to take possession of Gosling Graize and the oldest baronetcy in Britain.

Prepared as George was to find his little wife grown into a lovely woman, he was absolutely startled by her excessive beauty, and scarcely less so by the extraordinary facility with which she seemed to have acquired accomplishments not often perfected in an ordinary lifetime. Her governess, Mrs. Lofthouse, had managed, with excellent tact, to win the child's love and confidence from the outset, and, becoming warmly interested in the beautiful but undisciplined little genius that had come under her care, labored so successfully to develop her singular gifts that when, at the end of four years, the young lady, duly completed, made her entry into society, she at once carried it by storm.

George Gosling, returning to England just as Miss Mulcaster made her triumphant sally from the ambush of Mrs. Lofthouse's, hastily enrolled himself among her slaves, and, skillfully using the opportunities afforded at certain seasons by the vicinity of the country residences, soon distanced his many competitors, and became an affianced husband.

It was an unwise proceeding of the rejected lover, as he rode mournfully under the yellowing trees, to trace back this history. Before it was half finished his stolid resignation had melted quite away. "Not win her, after all? And who—*who*, then—" He looked round, as if to assure himself that he was not riding in a dream. Not so happy. There were the familiar paths and trees. He passed the famous larch-tree, pride of The Hale, one hundred and thirty feet from crest to root.

"Steadfast old boy!" said George, giving it an envious lash with his whip as he passed, "Quiet, jade," to his startled mare. "*Will* you dance? Ho, then, for a rattling gallop! Ho for a frantic leap! Going—going to be married!" he shouted, waving his hat in the air as his mare bounded forward. "But ho, the bride! Where's my bride? Hurrah, my ladies! Who will be Dame Gosling? Stay—I have it. I will have my fancies—my caprices, too. Home! home! And, as I am a living man, the first woman I speak with—marriageable and consenting—shall be my wife! I swear it—I swear it! Yes, by this living face of nature!" He pulled up, took off his hat, and turned his excited face to the sky. "And may my pledge, if broken, bear the penalty of a violated oath! I will ride home, and the first woman I meet shall be my wife. Conditioned always"—his heart gave a half-hopeful thrill—"that *she* will not relent. And, by Heaven, I will put that to the issue!"

The next moment he had wheeled his horse and was speeding toward The Haie. As fortune would have it, Mildred was coming out, flower-basket and scissors in hand. Gravity—a rare visitant—always became Mildred. She was grave now, and when, as George, dismounting and leading his horse, came to meet her she lifted up her violet eyes with not well-pleased astonishment, the young man thought he had never till that moment fully realized the true character of her loveliness.

"Returned?" she said, the smooth brow slightly contracting, but expanding again as she noticed his agitated face. "Heavens! what is the matter?"

"You ask that!" said George, bitterly. Then he added: "Miss Mulcaster, I have returned to tell you what I have already done in acquiescence with your decision. In losing you I lose all that constitutes the worth of human affection. Henceforth it is a matter of indifference to me what objects cross me or associate their interests with mine. So listen, you who for two years owned yourself my affianced wife. My heart, Mildred, recognizes no degrees of content. If you will not be my wife all women are the same to me. I have sworn, in the face of Heaven, that if you persist in this destruction of my hopes I will return by the way I came and take to wife the first woman I may see—no matter of what station—willing to accept what you have cast away."

Mildred gazed at him for a moment, as if considering whether he were in jest or not. Then she burst into a silvery laugh, and clapped her little hands like a pleased child.

"An excellent idea! George, George—what a romance it would make! May I tell mamma?"

"You do not believe me, then?" said the young man, with heightened color.

Mildred's manner changed:

"Believe that you would so far forget what is due to yourself, your friends, your renowned ancestors, of whom you are so proud—believe that, had you actually formed a resolution so preposterous, you would have been guilty of the additional folly of using it against me, as a weapon of insult and menace?"

"Farewell, Miss Mulcaster," said George.

And he rode away.

When Mrs. Mulcaster and her younger daughter returned from their drive they perceived at a glance that something had ruffled the tranquillity of the spoiled sovereign; and, by dint of respectful cross-examination, at length elicited the startling truth. George was dismissed! George—the old playmate, friend, accepted suitor, betrothed husband—banished to the Siberia of distant civility, without hope of recall.

Perhaps for the first time in her life Mrs. Mulcaster experienced a burning desire to box her darling's ears. The latter had never been at the pains to conceal her aversion to George's unlucky name, but none dreamed that it was so deeply rooted. Sacrifice an amiable, honorable man, whom she unquestionably liked (not to mention sixteen thousand a year!), for a name—a word! Dismiss the familiar George into the region of ordinary acquaintance—perhaps alienate him altogether—perhaps goad him into some foolish alliance, such as, in his passion, he had hinted at!

"Child! child!" cried Mrs. Mulcaster, breaking all allegiance, and wringing her hands in despair, "what—what have you done?"

The child evinced on this occasion a less imperious bearing, and made a far more feeble fight than might have been expected of her. Still, the necessity of defending her prerogative induced her to vindicate with some warmth her title—so long allowed—to do precisely as she pleased. She really could not understand the unprovoked attack thus made upon her, and by those from whom, of all others, she had a right to look for solace and support. Two to one (Louey had not opened her lips) was usually considered unfair odds, and, but for a sense of duty, she would decline a controversy conducted on such principles.

What was the duty? Why, the duty she owed her sex, which was that of her assailants, to check the proud pretensions, the cool self-sufficiency, of those who preferred their suit just as if such a thing as refusal was not to be dreamed of.

Consented? Well, yes, in a manner, she had. But that was beside the question. She was saying, when interrupted by clamor, or was going to say, that really any young lady who, at her own expense, administered a wholesome rebuke to such pretenders deserved well of her sex, her country, and her family—not, at all events, to be chidden like an infant by those to whom she fled for suc—for suc—succ—succor in her m—mise—misery; concluding with a burst of tears, which completed the business, and caused the much-injured beauty to be soothed, entreated, idolized, for the rest of the day.

Speculation now set in.

"But whom," resumed Mrs. Mulcaster, "can George marry? Suppose him serious in this mad idea, it is the merest chance in the world that he should meet with any woman of respectable station before reaching home. Suppose it were a village-girl, gathering fagots! Imagine a gipsy! You may laugh, but, take my word for it, George Gosling is the man, of all others, to adhere to a resolution once made, however intrinsically absurd. Ridicule would not deter him. His regard for a pledge, or promise of any kind, is almost fanatical. Let me see. At his own lodge he is happily safe. There are only the old people. Sally Downey's gone to service. *There* would have been a chance for Sally! And she was a plump, rosy little woman. I've seen him chat and laugh with her."

"Perhaps," said Miss Louisa, unguardedly, "George recollected that Sally was the usual portress."

"He did nothing of the sort," said Mildred, decisively. "I wonder, Louey, you dare to make so unworthy a suggestion."

"It was a foolish observation, my love," said her mother. "Your sister, I am sure, already regrets having made it."

"No, I don't," said Louey, hardily.

"Hush, my dear. (Footstool nearer to your sister. So.) Now then, who is there at Gosling Graize?"

"No visitors at all," said Louisa. "As to the servants, if you can possibly allude to *them*, they're almost all oldish, and—and fattish—the cook enormous! Mrs. Mapes, the housekeeper, is laid up with rheumatism. But really, dearest mother, we may spare ourselves these grotesque conjectures. That George will do his best to keep his wicked vow, or whatever he chooses to call it, I think very probable. But his safety lies in the respect of those about him. Not one of the household would be so forgetful of all decency, so wanting in duty, as to regard such a proposal as any thing more than a boyish jest!"

Mrs. Mulcaster coughed gently. She had seen something more of the world and its ways than her daughter. That look of manifest uneasiness provoked the petted Mildred.

"I do think, mamma—it is positively cruel in you!" she said, in a fretting tone.

"'Cruel,' dear? In *me?* To do what?"

"To make so much of such utter nonsense. You *must* see how it annoys me; yet you pursue the subject."

"Pursue, my dear! I did not say one word," pleaded poor Mrs. Mulcaster. "I appeal to Louey."

Louey came gallantly to the rescue.

"Mamma said nothing, Mildred. It was I."

"I am obliged, Louisa, by your flat contradiction," said Mildred, with dignity. "But I never said mamma *had* spoken. Her looks, however, were eloquent; and I repeat—"

"Mildred, Mildred," said her mother, "this is too bad! Is it not, Louisa?"

"It is unkind and unfair," said the latter, warmly, "and I—"

Mildred burst into tears.

"Louisa, Louisa!" exclaimed Mrs. Mulcaster, turning fiercely on her ally. "How dare you address your elder sister in that tone? Do, I beg, restrain that impetuosity of temper! There! Wipe the pretty eyes. Come, now—compose yourself. Hark, love! A visitor!"

Mildred started, and became composed.

A few moments, and Colonel Lugard was announced. He had been taking his evening ride, and, as was his frequent wont, dropped in for a chat with his fair neighbors.

In the course of conversation the Colonel observed: "By-the-by I have had what I might almost call an adventure! I was cantering up to the Graize to have a word with Gosling. Good fellow, George. Rides capitally to hounds. I wish he'd take them himself out of the hands of that mere horse-jockey, Screwtop! As I was saying, I was riding up the park, when my horse made a furious swerve. It needed the old dragoon grip to avoid measuring my length on George's turf, so startled was my usually steady old hunter at what he had seen. And what do you think it was? A young lady, Miss Mulcaster! Yes, Miss Louisa, a beautiful young lady! We had come suddenly upon her, seated between two trees, and either her surprising beauty, or else a scarlet thing that covered her head and shoulders, had thrown my horse into the consternation I have described. I had managed to drop my whip in the manœuvre; but even before my groom, Will Crooke, could ride up the young lady had stepped gracefully forward and placed it in my hand. Her hood fell back as she did so—and, by Jove!" The Colonel stopped, as if quite overcome by the remembrance.

"Who upon earth could she be?" said Mrs. Mulcaster, looking at her daughters.

"Who, indeed?" resumed the Colonel. "She was plainly, nay, humbly dressed. I should call her of the cottage class, for I noticed that her hand, though well-shapen and critically clean, was not especially white, as if it had not disdained rough work. Her manner, however, was perfect. A precious old churl she must have thought me; for so much was I taken aback by her singular beauty that I merely clutched my whip, grunted, and jogged on. I wish I had stopped. I wish I'd gone back. If Will Crooke hadn't been behind me I think I should."

"Very well, Colonel," said Mrs. Mulcaster. "I am coming to call upon Mrs. Lugard to-morrow, and it will be my painful but imperative duty to place her on her guard."

"It will be a most neighborly precaution," replied the gay veteran; "and, in order to assist your admirable scheme for the promotion of domestic harmony at Brambridge, I give you authority to add, that it is my fixed resolve to find out, by hook or—more probably—by Crooke, who this damsel *is*."

"Did you see Geo—Sir George Gosling?" asked the lady of the house.

"I did *not* see Sir George Gosling, my dear lady. They told me he had ridden over hither, and would possibly not return to dinner. I thought it *quite* possible," added the Colonel, with a sly glance at Mildred.

Shortly thereafter the visitor took his leave.

Mrs. Mulcaster, who had been watching her eldest born with stealthy solicitude, now sat down beside her on the sofa and took her passive hand.

"How pale you look, my own darling!" she began. "That wicked George! I declare I can not forgive him; vexing my pretty rose!"

"I am going to bed," responded the flower addressed. "Come up to me, some of you, in two hours, and see if I require any thing. Knock softly, and if I don't answer, go away."

And her majesty withdrew.

But she did not go to bed. Mildred sat looking in her glass for half an hour. It was a habit she had, holding these *têtes-à-têtes* with herself. Howsoever, on this occasion the parties did not agree. She rose pettishly, went to the window, and leaned forth. Restless and out of sorts as she was, the calm face of nature, preparing for repose, seemed to rebuke with its serenity the selfish passions that seethed within her perplexed bosom. Conscience, suddenly awaking, began, in accents stern and inexorable—more distinct, as it seemed, in the vesper-hush—to accuse her in such wise that her willful heart gave way. She began, culprit-like, to palliate her doings.

"I was mad," she found herself murmuring, as in miserable extenuation. "I was not mistress of myself. The resolution came"—(from the days of Eve temptation has always "come")—"on the sudden. If I had reflected—reasoned. But I never *can* reflect. Besides," she continued, gaining courage in her self-vindication, "I am not *sure* that, after all, I was so very wrong. Gosling! Lady Gosling! Too absurd! Perhaps I expected that *he* would have reasoned with me. I think I remember being angry that he didn't. Then, to be threatened! Stay, though, *did* he threaten? Good Heaven! if he should do it! Who can this girl be, cast in his way at this unhappy moment? What shall I do? What *can* be done? Fool that I have been! false to my word, to my peace; for now I *know* that I loved him, and, in refusing him for his detestable name, I have but proved myself a truer Gosling than he!"

With something between a giggle and a sob the beautiful head sank down, and the voice lost itself in genuine tears.

When the obedient Louisa, followed by a maid bearing tea and other restoratives, came, as commanded, to her sister's chamber, a startling change had come over the spoiled one. She was affable, not to say humble, thanked and caressed her sister as she had not done since their school-days—sent her love and duty to dearest mamma (who received the latter consignment, at all events, with profound astonishment), declared she was well—better, in fact, than usual—and begged to be left quite alone.

CHAPTER II.

Gosling Graize had been all that day since the meridian in a considerable stir. Mrs. Turnover, the cook, had received an unexpected visit from her niece, Esther Vann, a young lady holding the lucrative post of unremunerated nursery-governess in a poor but respectable family some few miles distant.

Esther was little more than seventeen, but had, like Bellario's representative, a mind "more elder than her years." A richer rose-bud than Esther never brightened a cottage-garden. What might have fallen to Esther's lot, had she been born in a higher station, we can not say. As it was, she merely won all the hearts with which the course of a quiet, humble existence brought her in contact. She had known no schooling beyond what was attainable in her native village; all she knew besides, and that was not a little, being due to self-education and industry.

Esther was already known at the Graize, and her unlooked-for appearance at a moment, too, when the master's absence left every body more at liberty, created a complete jubilee; all the domestics, save Mrs. Mapes, the housekeeper, who was an invalid, vying with each other to make welcome their bright young visitor.

"If ever I see such a blessed creetur in *my* life!" said Dolly, the dairy-maid. "She have no more pride than my hold slipper!"

Certainly the object in question—frayed at the edges, cracked in the sole, and exhibiting an orifice at the toe—could have small excuse for the vice referred to.

"She's well enough for the matter of *that*," said Mrs. Turnover, with affected indifference.

"Excuse *me*, ma'am," said Gertrude Cornish, the house-maid, "but I don't think you're as proud as you justly ought to be. Being as she howes to *you* her tip-top hedication—which she's fit to kip a school herself—why, you ought to be double proud of such a consekence."

"I done my best for to putt her in the way," said Mrs. Turnover, modestly, "but she 'ave 'elped herself wonderful since. So I thought it were better for to let her alone."

"S'pose she'll marry soon and stock a dairy-farm," observed Dolly, to whom this was the very climax of ambitious hope.

"She might have married a doctor," said Mrs. Turnover, "but I wouldn't hear on it. An 'ectic, sicky young man, and hadn't no patients but himself, which, my dear, it didn't pay."

"A doctor!" cried Gertrude. "She might marry a duke! Werry likely *will*."

The hardihood of this prophecy almost took away Mrs. Turnover's breath, but, recovering, she proposed that, master being absent, they should adjourn to the great hall, there to meet her niece, on the latter's return from a ramble in the woods, in order to show her the family pictures adorning that apartment.

Almost as they entered it the pretty girl, fresh and rosy from her scamper, made her appearance and told them of her meeting with Colonel Lugard. They then proceeded to examine the hall, which contained, besides the pictures, many family relics, some fine suits of armor, and other objects of interest.

"What werry bread toes they seem to 'ave 'ad in those days!" remarked Dolly, examining one of the suits.

"S'pose wearin' harmor giv' bunions," was the conjecture of Mrs. Turnover.

Esther suggested that, as steel and stockings might not act comfortably together, it was not impossible room was allowed for the intervention of a shoe.

"Harmor's wuss than nothin' at all, nowadays," observed the cook. "Cannons, guns, and pistils does it; don't they, Esther?"

Miss Vann responded that, in her opinion, a gentleman provided with a light field-piece, a rifle, and a revolver, might prove a troublesome opponent, even for a human iron-clad.

Mrs. Turnover, who was of full habit, though hardly, as Miss Mulcaster had affirmed, "enormous," now took a little repose in an arm-chair, after which the party proceeded to inspect the pictures, Mrs. Turnover continuing her services as cicerone.

"'Sir 'Ildebrand de Gosling, 1423'—that is, it *were* him, but he's rubbed out all but his dog," said the guide.

"Law! what a pity!" said Dolly.

"Which, Mrs. Mapes told me, it on'y makes him the more waluable," continued Mrs. Turnover. "'Leftenant-General Sir Hedered Gosling, twelfth barrownight.' Wasn't *he* a 'ansum man?"

"Why is he a-turnin' of his back to the fightin'?" asked the captious critic, Dolly. "That ain't like a soldier."

Esther hinted that the artist might have experienced some difficulty in arranging that the general should, at one and the same time, give his attention to the battle and his face to the observer.

"'Sir Gilbert Gosling, banker and citizen,'" announced their guide. "Rayther a fat 'un."

"'Thrice Lord Mayor of London,' which explains the phenomenon," said Esther, laughing, and exhibiting two dimples which lay in ambush in her rosy cheeks.

"And now we comes to the ladies," resumed Mrs. Turnover. "'Dame Winifred Dorothea de Gosling.' 'Miss Halithea Gosling.' I've heard say thissun was the beauty of the hase, warn't never married, lived single all her life, and died a old maid."

Dolly sighed. The cook's way of putting it gave the calamity treble force.

"Poor young creetur! and she so pretty! Cut off in her prime!"

"'Died 1703, ætat 92,'" read the cook. "Well, *that* ain't so wonderful! Eat at ninety-two? Stop, though. What's 'ætat, Esther?"

Her niece was absorbed in contemplation of a portrait at another part of the hall; but she heard and answered the appeal.

"'Aged,' dear."

"Come, that wan't so bad," said Mrs. Turnover. "If she couldn't get a husband in ninety year it wan't worth trying no longer, so my lady giv' in."

"I shouldn't like to die an old maid," observed Dolly. "Should *you*, ma'am?"

"Being a widow I can't be expected to realize any thing so frightful, you see," responded the lady addressed. "If you means to ast me, woold I marry again? then I makes anser that I've turned it over in my mind—and my conclusion aire, I *woold*. It was my dear husband's last wishes and words. 'Barbary,' he ses, squeedgin' my hand, 'I han't selfige, marry again—marry whensoever you're ast to. If you could make fifty men as 'appy as you've made me, why make 'em. Don't marry a baker, nor don't ha' nothin' to say to a night-porter. Has to a pleaseman—cut 'im dead. It makes unregular hours. To 'ave your husband breakfasting when you're at supper, and wisey-worsey, is far from comforrable. I should prefer my old perfession. Adoo,' which," added the good lady, wiping her eyes, "he were a hare-dresher."

"A *what*, ma'am?" asked Dolly.

"Cut and dressed 'air," explained Mrs. Turnover. "Yes, sich was his conclusive obserwations" (Mr. Turnover's final remarks, as reported by his lady, might have filled a moderate volume), "and sich, ladies, is my feelins. I'm in no hurry, but if master marries any body as isn't—isn't to my mind—as I'm very much afeerd indeed he will—then I don't mind sayin' that I should except the first respeckful offer as is made me. Where's Esther got to?"

"What pictur's that she's looking at so long?" asked the dairy-maid.

Mrs. Turnover waddled a little way in the direction of her niece, and came back laughing.

"It's the pictur of master, took by Sir Philip's orders, three year ago. It was hung in that dark corner 'cause it looked so new. She thinks it's one of them old Goslings. We won't tell her yet."

As they approached the girl started from her reverie.

"Aunt, aunt, who was *this*? If ever there were a real hero Gosling, here he is! Tell me, tell me quickly, something about him. Soldier? Statesman? Poet? He must have been one of these. What a brow! And oh, what expression!" continued Esther, clasping her hands in a sort of rapture. "Dear, brave eyes! you look as if every thing vile, pitiful, dishonest, must wither up before you! Aunt, look you, I would trust this man before the whole world. Look at that mouth, sweet, yet resolute. Strong will, too. I should not like to argue with *you*, Sir George de Gosling, if that be your name. For, in the first place, I know you would be in the right; and, in the second, that you would invariably get your way. If ever I loved man, it would be *you*!"

"My dear, my dear!" said Mrs. Turnover, hastily. "Remember, you are talking to a young gentleman!"

"To a young gentleman who flourished only five centuries ago," said Esther, smiling. And she pointed to a date "1370" scratched on the frame.

"That's master's mischief now!" said Mrs. Turnover, aside to Dolly. "I remember his saying he wouldn't be the only live 'un of the lot, and I see him, one day, scratching with his knife on the picturframe."

"That's the beauty of it, aunt," said the pretty Esther, saucily. "I can say just exactly what I please to this dear darling of my heart, and not be forward at all! I could, should, and would have loved him if I had flourished in his time. Do you hear *that*, Sir? And, if he had loved me back, I would have been the most devoted wife that ever Gosling married. I do think he's smiling, as if he understood and believed it."

"What upon earth is the girl talking about?" began her perplexed aunt. But she was interrupted by an exclamation from the house-maid, who was at the window.

"Here's somebody galloping up the avenue!" answered the latter.

Mrs. Turnover waddled up.

"Gracious me, if it ain't master! Why, he said he shouldn't be home to dinner. Perhaps he's only rode back to dress—he do sometimes. Come along, Esther dear. La'! how he's a-tearin' along! Where's Mr. Fanshaw? Oh, he's out, I know. Gertrude, call William—or *you*, Dolly—quick!"

"William's run over to the village," said Dolly.

"Then Gertrude must stay and open the door," said the cook.

But Gertrude had disappeared.

"Dolly, Dolly! *You* must," said Mrs. Turnover.

"*I!* I dursent," said the shy dairy-maid.

The horse's trampling was now heard, and presently a violent tug at the hall-bell.

"What shall I do?" cried Mrs. Turnover. "Wherever are all the men?"

"Why not open the door yourself, dear?" suggested Esther, quietly.

"I can't do it, this figure," returned her aunt, struggling with her apron-strings. "*You* go, child." (Here there was another peal.) "Hark! What a flurry he be in!"

"*I?*" said Esther.

"Yes, you. 'Tis the 'riginal of the very pictur you was looking at. Master hisself."

"What?" ejaculated Esther, becoming scarlet. "But the—the date."

"*That* he done hisself."

"Aunt, do you call this a joke?" said Esther, hiding her burning face in her hands.

"Nonsense, dear! Run you and open the door."

"Not if he stood there till his feet grew into the stones," returned the girl, haughtily; and with the step of a queen she quitted the hall.

Mrs. Turnover opened the door.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A splendid sausage is exhibited in the Rue Montmartre, which is meant to keep pace with this age of luxury. The price is 100 francs, and a splendid piece of poetry [doggerel?] describes its qualities.

Classical.—If a pig could talk in Latin what would he say? Why, doubtless, "*Porka verba!*"

Briggs has a faculty for getting things cheap. The other day he had a beautiful set of teeth inserted for nothing. He kicked a dog.

Some robbers having broken into a gentleman's house, went to the bed of the servant and told him if he moved he was a dead man. "That's a falsehood," said he, "for if I move I'm sure that I'm alive."

A Passing Thought.—The great difference between the young and the old is this: the young have the world before them, while the old are behind the world.

A few Sabbaths since a teacher of a Sunday-school was engaged in questioning his pupils upon the subjects connected with their previous studies of the Bible. At length, turning to a young Irishman, a member of the class, he asked, "What did Adam lose by the fall?" Pat for a moment was apparently in a brown study, but at last his face brightened, as he interrogatively replied: "An' was it his hat, Sir?"

A doctor who has been trying to establish a practice in Wisconsin says that the village is so extremely healthy that a man was murdered there recently for the purpose of starting a grave-yard.

An Edinburgh clergyman, of a rare and quaint genius, was one day seen gazing at the Carlisle mail as it came thundering down the bridges. "What are you thinking of?" said a reverend brother. "I'm thinkin' that, next to preachin' the everlastin' Gospel, I would like to drive the mail."

"The password is Saxe—now don't forget it, Pat," said the Colonel, just before the battle of Fontenoy, at which Saxe was Marshal. "Sacks! Faith and I will not. Wasn't my father a miller?" "Who goes there?" cried the sentinel, after the Irishman had arrived at his post. Pat was as wise as an owl, and, in a sort of whispered howl, replied, "Bags, yer Honor!"

Scientific Intelligence.—At the next Meeting of the Zoological Society a paper will be read "On the Tears of the Crocodile."

How to Make Good Jam.—Crowd twenty fashionably-dressed ladies into one street-car.

"A pinch of snuff,
That horrid stuff?
Take it? No, indeed, I *can't*.
Such, Sally, dear,
Was my idea,
Until my husband said, 'You *sha'n't!*'

"'You sha'n't!' to me!
Fiddle-de-dee!
Of course I take it on the sly.
You know, dear Sall,
For 'sha'n't' or 'shall,'
What husbands say is—all my eye!"

No Place like the City.—The Man who has a Stake in the Country writes to say that he is longing to get back to a Chop in Town.

A Canadian newspaper contains the following plaintive advertisement: "Will the gentleman who stole my melons on last Sabbath night be generous enough to return me a few of the seeds, as the melons are a rare variety."

Thirteen objections were once given by a young lady for declining a match; the first twelve being the suitor's twelve children, and the thirteenth the suitor himself.

A newspaper editor inadvertently wrote, about a woman who had not been buried with proper observance, the following sentence: "She was buried like a dog with her clothes on." Next week he saw his mistake, and corrected it thus: "She was buried with her clothes on like a dog." The third week, exasperated with the previous blunders, he had it thus: "Like a dog with her clothes on she was buried." He gave it up.

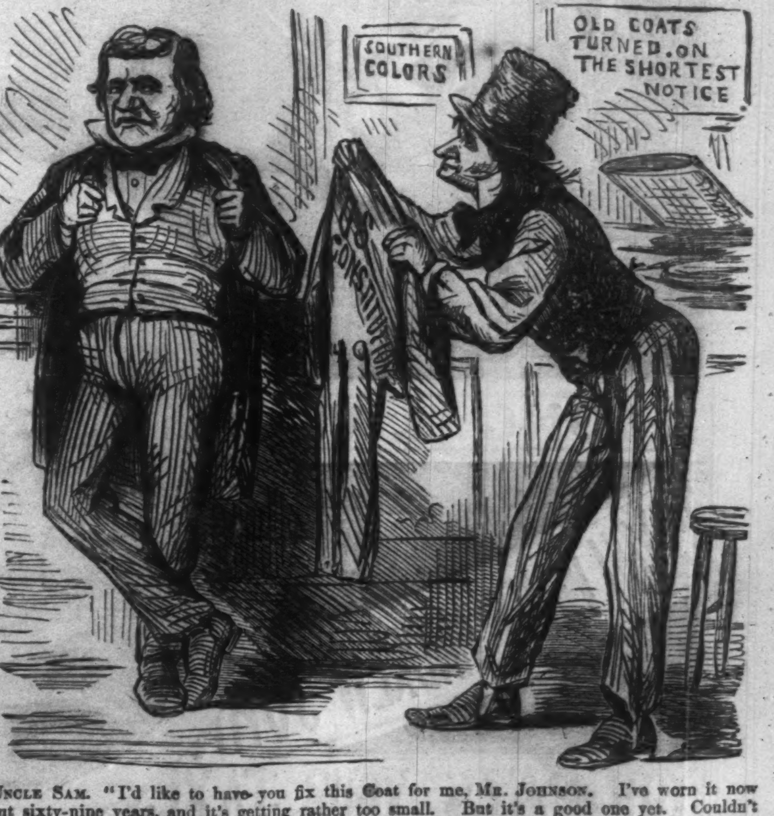
A glutton of a fellow was dining at a hotel, who, in the course of the "battle of knives and forks," accidentally cut his mouth, which being observed by a Yankee sitting near by, he bawled out: "I say, friend, don't make that ar hole in your countenance any larger, or we shall all starve to death!"

Deacon Brown lately took occasion to administer a reproof to old Joe for swearing. Joe listened attentively to his words, seemed to appreciate the exhortation, and when he had concluded, replied as follows: "The fact is, Deacon, that I may swear a great deal, and you may pray a great deal, but neither of us mean any thing by it." The Deacon alludes to Joe as an instance of total depravity.

"Oh, I am so glad you like birds! What kind do you most admire?" said a wife to her husband.

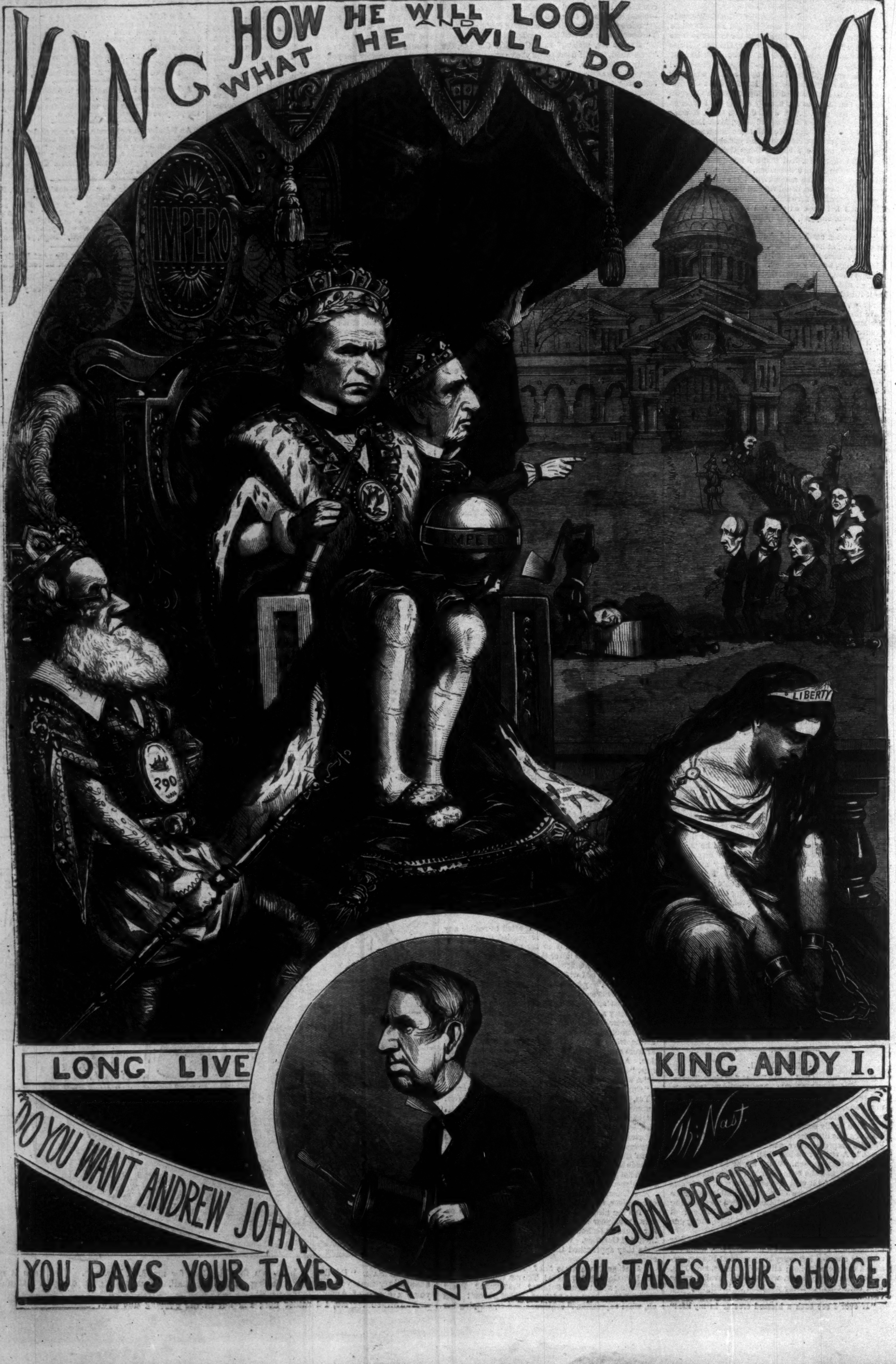
"Well, I think a good turkey, with plenty of seasoning, about as good as any."

The young married couple who thought they could live on love and moonlight find there is some virtue in baked beans. For taking the romance out of young folks marriage is nearly as bad as a lawsuit.


SOUTHERN COLORS
OLD COATS TURNED. ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE
CONSTITUTION

Uncle Sam. "I'd like to have you fix this Coat for me, Mr. Johnson. I've worn it now about sixty-nine years, and it's getting rather too small. But it's a good one yet. Couldn't you fix a sort of Amendment to it?"

A. Johnson. "No, I'd rather not; I'm not in the Jobbing line now."


KING ANDY I.
HOW HE WILL LOOK AND WHAT HE WILL DO.
IMPERO
IMPERO
290
LIBERTY
LONG LIVE
KING ANDY I.
DO YOU WANT ANDREW JOHN
SON PRESIDENT OR KING
YOU PAYS YOUR TAXES
AND
YOU TAKES YOUR CHOICE.
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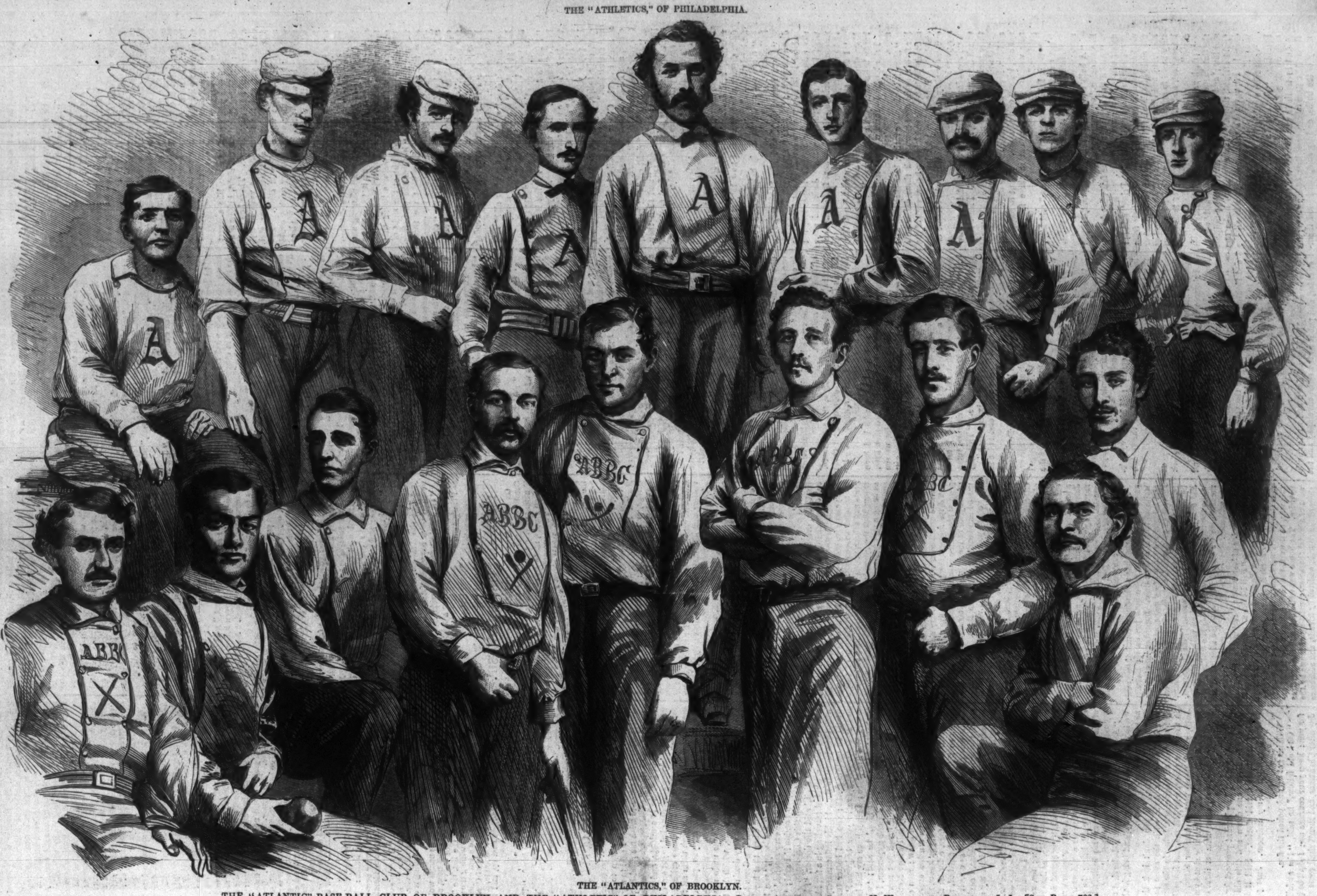
THE "ATHLETICS," OF PHILADELPHIA.



THE "ATLANTICS," OF BROOKLYN.

THE "ATLANTIC" BASE-BALL CLUB OF BROOKLYN, AND THE "ATHLETIC" OF PHILADELPHIA.—Photographed by Charles H. Williamson, Brooklyn, L. I.—[See Page 702.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,

Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHILDREN, it will never do to tell the grown-up readers of *Harper's Weekly* all the work that was done that summer by our three little spades; and as I can not tell you without telling them, this must be my last chapter. Many other things that I might say about weeds, and seeds, and earth-worms, and caterpillars, must be kept for "The Three Little Spades" when it comes out in book form, which I hope will be soon. And so, as I can not go through the summer with you just now, the best thing I can do is to jump at once to the end of the summer and finish with that.

Summer was passing softly away, like a sweet dream; vanishing silently out of sight, hiding herself before the frost should come. There had been no frost yet, and the three gardens were in full bloom; asters, and zinnias, and heart's-ease, and amaranthus—there was a splendid show. The children thought they were as happy as they could possibly be, when suddenly an event took place which proved that when people are gardeners there is no end to their happiness; or rather, that it stretches on in such a long perspective that it is quite impossible to guess where the end is.

The event was this: Mr. Vick sent the children his Catalogue of hardy bulbs for fall planting and spring blooming. Absolutely sent it to *them*, for themselves—a new, fresh Catalogue, with a pink cover, and with such flower pictures inside that Lily nearly screamed with delight at the sight of them. Sam had brought it from the post-office after tea, and now in the lamp-light the three young heads clustered together above its pages. "A double hyacinth!" "A parrot tulip!" "Crocuses!" You could hear such exclamations every few minutes, but smothered and spoken softly, so as to disturb no one else. The children talked hardly above their breath, even in their wonder and admiration.

"But oh dear! what's the use after all?" said Lily at last. "We haven't got any money! I guess Mr. Vick didn't know that."

"I'm very glad he sent it, though," said Clover; "I like to know about things. I think it was so kind of him, Lily. But what are 'hardy bulbs,' I wonder? That's on the cover."

"Hardy bulbs," said Mr. May, looking up from his paper with a quizzical face, "mean, in this case, only tulips, hyacinths, crocuses, snow-drops, and such trifles."

Such trifles! Clover and Lily looked at each other, and Primrose heaved a sigh that came from the very lowest corner of her heart.

"They're to be planted right off," put in Jack, peering over at the Catalogue, "and then they stick up their heads through the first snow, and are covered with flowers immediately. That's being hardy bulbs."

"Jack, Jack!" remonstrated his mother. "You are certainly a hardy boy."

"They're so ungrateful and grasping, these girls, mamma," said Jack. "Here they've had flowers upon flowers all summer, and now they're crying for hardy bulbs!"

"We're *not* crying for hardy bulbs!" said Lily, indignantly.

"Come here, Prim," said Mr. May, throwing down his paper; "let me see your eyes."

Now Prim's eyes were certainly not tearful as she raised them for her father's inspection, but wistful they as certainly were. Jack had some reason for declaring that they were full of crocuses and snow-drops.

"I don't see the drops of any sort," said Mr. May, smiling. "Prim, would a dollar's worth of hardy bulbs make you quite happy?"

Prim laughed—there was no need to say a word more.

"Here it is, then—or rather, here they are," said her father, as he once more took three dollar bills from his pocket-book and laid one before each of the children. Now if Mr. Vick happens to have an endless variety of Catalogues what will become of my purse?"

"Papa—don't!" said Clover; "I did not mean to ask for a thing more, indeed, papa! Please take these back."

"On the contrary, I please to leave them there," said Mr. May, with a laugh. "My dear, you did not ask, it's my own pleasure. I want to see what new wonders will bloom out in those fairy-land gardens."

"Well, I didn't mean to ask, either," said Lily, "but I wanted it dreadfully."

"Mamma, what are bulbs?" said little Primrose.

"A bulb is a kind of thick, fleshy root, shaped like an onion."

"And if they're planted in the fall what do they do all winter?" pursued Primrose.

"They lie in the earth and wait, Prim," said her mother, pushing back the soft locks of hair from the child's forehead. "Wait till the winter is over and gone, and then with the first soft airs of spring they begin to appear; shooting up their fresh green leaves first, and after that the glory of their blossoms."

"Oh, here are *such* hyacinths!" said Lily, from the Catalogue. "'Deep blue, and tall;' and 'white, and low;' and red, and every thing. And tulips—'gold striped tulips.' It's enough to make one crazy! Papa, there's nothing like you in all the world!"

"Not even a gold striped tulip?" said her father, laughing. "I'm afraid a dollar won't go far among such wonders, Lily."

And in truth it was harder work to make out these lists than those seed-lists of long ago; for many of the bulbs, as Lily said, considered themselves worth a good deal. To be sure, a dozen snow-drops might be had for twenty-five cents, and some of the tulips were but ten cents apiece; but then it was as hard for the children as for some older people quite to withstand the fascination of a higher price; and there was an irresistible attraction toward those dignified bulbs of which only two or three could be bought for a dollar.

"I dare say they think themselves cheap at that," said Lily; "but I don't. Now see—if I get a tall, blue Prince Frederick hyacinth for forty cents, and a low, red Princess Royal—"

"A low Princess Royal!" quoth Jack.

"Be quiet!" said Lily, "a low, red Princess Royal for seventy cents—no, that won't do at all."

"I shall begin with the little things first," said Primrose. "I want some snow-drops."

"Oh, well, you can have 'em," said Lily; "but if you begin with the little things, you'll have no money left for the big ones. I can tell you that."

"How would it do to get one dear thing first," said Clover—"one of the very expensive ones, you know, just to see what it's like; and then spend the rest of the dollar in others?"

"That's a beautiful plan," said Lily. "You begin, Clover."

"I think I must have one hyacinth, and one tulip," said Clover, pressing her hands on her flushed cheeks. "I'll take this yellow hyacinth—La Pline d'Or—the rain of gold, you know; that must be splendid."

"Oh, magnificent!" said Lily. "But that's only thirty cents—not *very* expensive."

"But my tulip is," said Clover—"'Dorothea Blanche—very beautiful new white.' It's forty-five cents."

"That makes seventy-five cents," said Lily, quite lost for the moment in Clover's arrangements. "Dear me, how much you'll have!"

"Then with them," said Clover, in the same absorbed way, "this Milton—'rosy purple.' That goes well with my yellow hyacinth."

"Ten cents more," said Lily—"eighty-five."

"And then, one Persian iris—fifteen cents. That's it exactly. You see the iris is 'a magnificent border plant.'"

"There's no picture of it, is there?" said Lily. "Dear me, I wish I could make out as good a list. But here's one tulip at any rate—white, striped with rose—Marriage de ma Fille. I wonder if that's pretty?"

"Extremely—sometimes," said Mr. May, with a mocking tone. But Lily was deep in her Catalogue, and scarcely heard him.

"I guess I won't take that, after all," she said. "I'll have the Grand Duke of Russia, all red and yellow; then, he must have the crown imperial, that's red striped, and fifteen cents—that's thirty-five; and my blue hyacinth is thirty-five more."

"Which blue hyacinths?" said Prim. "This one—A la Mode. I guess *that* must have grown at Grundy Castle."

"Well that's only seventy cents," said Clover; "and you haven't taken any *very* expensive ones after all."

"No, let me see," said Lily, studying the Catalogue. "I guess I'll have to leave them to you and Prim—I want so many things. What shall I do with my thirty cents?—get one more hyacinth—or three tulips? Here are some little ones, the earliest of all, but they've got no names. I'll tell you—I'll have a Narcissus!"

"Oh, get this one—the Hoop Petticoat," said Primrose.

"Can't," said Lily; it costs fifty cents. I'll get Butter and Eggs—that will do just as well, and be nice when spring comes. Eighty cents—and then one of these blue grape hyacinths over here—ninety cents."

"Those blue grape hyacinths are the Blue Bells of Scotland," said Sam.

"Are they?" said Lily. "Now, ten cents more. I think I'll have a white tulip, too, among all these blue and yellow things. Here's a good one—La Reine; rosy white, and just ten cents."

"Now, Prim," said her father, who had been listening with great interest to the two first lists, "come here and sit on my knee, and let us see what sort of a choice you will make. You can write, and I will look over your shoulder. What comes first?"

"A white lily, papa," said Prim, writing it down. "And a brown parrot tulip; and a blue flag—fifty-three cents, that makes. And I must have one hyacinth, you know," said Primrose, turning back to that part of the Catalogue. "This one, papa—rose mignonne. And then six crocuses."

"Named or unnamed? The named cost twice as much as the others."

"But I like 'em so much better!" said Primrose. "I want the Cloth of Gold, and the Cloth of Silver, and the dark-blue King William, and the striped Captain Cook, and the light-blue Passetout, and the white Pigeon."

"How much does that come to?" said her father, smiling.

"Let me see, papa. I said fifty-three cents, and rose mignonne is thirty, that's eighty-three cents; and six crocuses are twenty cents more. Oh, papa! that's three cents too much!"

"I'll stand the three cents," said Mr. May, looking with much loving amusement at the intent, earnest little face.

"But that wouldn't be fair, papa."

"Then you shall give me some of the crocus flowers when they come out. I bespeak a dark King William and a striped Captain Cook."

Primrose laughed and looked very happy, and the three lists were at once inclosed in an envelope, ready for the next day's mail.

"I suppose," said Mr. May, standing on the rug and looking at his wife, after the young ones had gone to bed, "that you would as lieve have *our* hardy bulbs display their colors in the children's gardens as any where?"

"Could not be a better place," she answered, smiling.

Whereupon Mr. May sat down and wrote another order, and put it in the same envelope; and the children in their little beds never even dreamed what he had done.

In due time the bulbs arrived, beautifully packed in a little box, and at first the children did not notice how much too large the box was for *their* small lists. But when they began to pull out the little packages from the loose seeds in which they were stowed, and to read new names on this one and that one, they were almost beside themselves. Each bulb was separately wrapped in soft paper, with a nice printed label; and when they had said a few times, "That's yours, Clover," or "That's Prim's," then the word was, "Whose is this? and this?" And their father, standing by and laughing at them, said, "You will have to divide." Then they knew all. But even Mr. May was surprised, after that, by a whole package of snow-drops, for which nobody had sent, but which Mr. Vick had put in "just to please himself," Lily declared.

"Papa, what *could* make him do it?" said Primrose. "Did you tell him I wanted 'em, and hadn't any more money?"

"No, I did not tell him that," said her father, laughing. "But some people, you know, do more, and some less, than they are asked. Now Mr. Vick likes to do more."

"Well, I wish every body did," said Primrose; "it makes people so happy!"

"But oh, papa," said Lily, "just listen to the colors of our tulips! Clover's been making a list of them. Listen, mamma. Now, Clover, read."

And Clover read:

"Gold striped; purple; gold lac (whatever that is!); white; red, with a yellow edge; rosy white; white and red; blue; orange striped; golden yellow, striped with bronze; red striped; puce and white (what's puce, I wonder?); white, striped with rose; and copper, striped with violet."

"And then we've got red and blue and yellow hyacinths, and snow-drops, and six crocuses, and a Narcissus, and a white lily, and a Persian iris. It's just like the Arabian Nights!" cried Lily; "and we shall be as happy as the day is long!"

"Or as the spring is," said her mother, with smiling eyes, that were yet for a minute as wistful as Prim's own.

THE END.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ON one of those delicious Indian Summer days which October brought to us last week the Committee and Trustees of Woodlawn Cemetery, with over a hundred invited guests, made an excursion to that new burial-place. To accommodate this party a special train left the Harlem Dépôt about half past one in the afternoon. The day was perfect: the soft, fresh air, mingled with that mellow haziness so characteristic of the season, the ever-changing view of the brilliant-hued forest-leaves, the pleasant company, and the courteous attention paid to the guests, made the ride a very pleasant one.

Woodlawn Cemetery is situated on the line of the Harlem Railroad, about six miles above Harlem Bridge, and is about an hour's ride in the cars from Twenty-sixth Street. On reaching Woodlawn Station we found that every arrangement had been made for the convenience of the party. Refreshments were served throughout the afternoon in the Lodge at the entrance, carriages were in waiting for the use of the visitors, and information on all points easily obtained.

The main entrance to the Cemetery, only a few steps from the station, is by a high, wide stone bridge, arched over a deep ravine, and a running brook which forms a beautiful little pond below. The gate and lodge, surrounded by a grove of forest trees, are on elevated ground; and the terraces which border the Central and Northern avenues on one side are not only ornamental, but give, on entering the inclosure, an immediate sense of quiet seclusion which is peculiarly appropriate. The Cemetery contains over three hundred acres, comprising a beautiful range of woodland hills, overlooking the valley of the Bronx River, and commanding numerous and picturesque views. Although the first interment was made here less than two years ago, great progress has already been made in tasteful adornment. The introduction of rustic seats and arbors, which were scattered here and there throughout the grounds, attracted our special notice as being a very pleasant feature. Many of the lots are surrounded with flourishing hedges of arbor vitæ—indeed, hedges of some kind are far more numerous here than iron fences—and certainly have the beauty of simplicity. There are two large receiving tombs on the Central Avenue, near the main entrances, with suitable arrangements for temporary use.

A drive through the principal avenues gives one a general idea of the natural advantages of the site, and of the plan of the grounds. Greenwood is an unsurpassed and beautiful *City* of the Dead. Woodlawn—as lovely as possible in its own way—is a quiet, rural burial-place. After passing a couple of hours most pleasantly at Woodlawn, we returned to the city, feeling that this new cemetery, both from its beauty and convenient location, will commend itself to many of our citizens as an appropriate spot for the resting-place of the dead.

The most extensive abattoir in this country has recently been completed at Communipaw, a little over a mile from the dépôt of the Central Railroad of New Jersey. This structure was commenced about four months ago, and is a gigantic work in every sense, consisting of six distinct buildings, with a sufficient number of spacious feed and sale pens adjoining, and all other needful conveniences.

A Maine journal has a glowing account of two new passenger cars which have been put on the Eastern Railroad within a short time. Improvements in cars and saloons are more often managed with an eye to show than to comfort, but there seems to be one excellent feature about these cars—they have three floors, between which are layers of saw-dust to deaden sound, and conversation can be carried on without difficulty while the cars are in motion. This is a real improvement which we should be glad to see adopted on all our railroads.

On Thursday of last week a meeting of a somewhat novel character—a "Fall Reunion" as it was termed—was held at the New England Church in West Forty-first Street, near Sixth Avenue. A few months ago a new Congregational Church was organized here—and this was, as it were, the christening of the infant enterprise. The house was well filled, and the exercises were of a social character, consisting of music by the choir of the church, assisted by friends, and addresses by the Rev. H. W. Beecher, Rev. J. T. Duryea, Rev. S. H. Tyng, Rev. Lyman Abbott, acting pastor of the church, and others. Mr. Beecher was greeted with special enthusiasm, and spoke in his usual happy vein on the elements needful in a true Congregational church—good-nature, cheerfulness, sociality, and congregational singing being prominent ones. All the addresses were marked by a kindly welcoming spirit towards the infant church. The music was under the care of Mr. C. A. A. Düring, and several of the pieces, particularly the "Bird Song" and the choruses by the choir, were warmly applauded. The latter part of the evening the lecture-room was thrown open and refreshments served: and the hour passed quickly in social greeting and pleasant interchange of thought and feeling.

The Brunswick *Telegraph* is astonished to learn that at a church, in a neighboring town, *four* silver quarters were recently found in the contribution box.

Professor Agassiz says that the strip of "highlands which divide the waters flowing into the St. Lawrence from those flowing into the Atlantic" is the oldest land in the world.

If some unseen individual could pass around from house to house about ten o'clock on a Sunday morning, he would be likely to hear a list of excuses for not attending church, something like the following:

Overslept myself. Could not dress in time. Too cold. Too hot. Too windy. Too dusty. Too wet. Too damp. Too sunny. Too cloudy. Don't feel disposed. No other time to myself. Look over my drawers. Put my papers to rights. Letters to write to my friends. Mean to take a walk. Going to take a ride. Tied to business six days in the week. No fresh air but on Sundays. Can't breathe in church, always so full. Feel a little feverish. Feel a little chilly. Feel very lazy. Expect company to dinner. New bonnet not come home.

The Cincinnati *Times* gives the following, which will amuse those who are fond of reading Dutch:

Scene at the counting-room of a morning newspaper. Enter a man of Teutonic tendencies, a considerable the worse for last night's spree.

TEUTON (*to a man at the desk*). "If you please, Sir, I vants de baper mit dis mornings. One vat hash de names of de beebles vat kills cholera all de vile."

He was handed a paper, and after looking it over in a confused way, said:

"Vill you pe so good ash to read de names wot don't have de cholera any more too soon just now, and see if Carl Geinsenkoopenl affen hash get 'em?"

The clerk very obligingly read the list, the Teuton listening with trembling attention, wiping the perspiration from his brow meanwhile the great excitement. When the list was completed the name of Carl Geinstein—well, no matter about the whole name, it wasn't there. The Teuton's face brightened up, and he exclaimed:

"You don't find 'em?"

CLERK. "No such name there, Sir."

TEUTON (*seizing him warmly by the hand*). "This ish nice; this ish some fune; that ish my names. I pin trunk ash never was, and py tam, I vas 'fraid I vas gone ted mit cholera and didn't knows it. Mine Cot! I vos scart."

A LEGEND OF CORPUS.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

"AND have you ordered your gyp to come to my rooms when the 'bus calls?" I said to my friend Wilkins, who had come to wish me good-by; "you have not much time."

"Yes, it will be here in a minute, and upon my word I shall be uncommonly glad to get out of Cambridge: the courts look like damp cellars, and I have not seen a soul pass through them all the afternoon, except the doctor, to see you, poor old fellow—and what did he say?"

"Well, you know, he made me undo my waistcoat, laid one finger on my rib, which he tapped with another finger. 'Sounds very dead; and now take a long breath,' says he, holding down his head to listen. 'Ah!' he added, when that horrid sort of stitch caught my breath half-way, 'you have a touch of pleurisy, and must be very careful.' 'Can't I wrap up and get up to London?' I said; 'there's not a soul going to stop this Christmas. I shall die of ennui.' 'Well,' said the doctor, 'I know it will be slow enough, but traveling in a fog like this, with your lungs in their highly inflammatory state, would be certain death; you had better turn into bed at once. Any fire in your bedroom?' 'No, not even a fire-place; I shall have my bed brought in here.' 'Very good idea,' he said; 'where is your bed-maker?' 'In Jones's gyp-room, I expect. Didn't you hear something break just now underneath? You can generally tell where Mother Car is by those sort of noises, you know; men call her Juggernaut's Car, because she crushes every thing that comes in her way; besides, you know, she ain't unlike an Indian idol in the face, color on the nose put on so thick.' Just as I had finished, and the doctor was giggling, trying to be as convivial as I could, though upon my word, Wilkins, I could have sobbed, if I didn't think it would hurt my side, in comes Mrs. Car.

"'So this is the old lady,' said the doctor.

"'Which it is,' said she, 'and begging your pardon, if so be as you are the doctor, I should like to know what you thinks of him, Sir; for, as I said just now to Betsy (that's my help, as does number two stair-case), Betsy, says I, if my second-floor ain't a sickening just as did Mr. Avis the senior wrangler, who kept in his room, and never would wear flannel shirts, and died honored by all, being the promise of his college, and leaving me his bath and china, my name ain't Car, nor yours Betsy.'

"After the old hag was winded she shut up, and we told her to have Betsy up, and bring in the bed, as you see it here.

"'Ah!' said she, 'if you don't look the very moral of poor Mr. Avis, with the same pale face and red spot on your cheek, lying in the same bed, in the same place, who left me that keepsake of a bath, which being lent to number three, ground-floor, Old Court, was inadvertently shot by a saloon pistol, and leaked ever since, number three being no gentleman.'

"Now have not I a pleasant prospect for Christmas-day? Every one down and this old wretch telling me most horrid stories. Still it is more cheery here than in my bedroom. Just poke t fire."

Wilkins got up and poked the fire.

"Oh! old fellow," he said, "I'm awfully sorry for you; keep your courage up; I shall be back the day after Christmas, and then I shall come and read

Paley in your room. But here is Edwards to say the 'bus is here. Good-by, good-by!"

As my friend left me I felt more desolate than I had ever before felt in my life. I was far too distant from home to think of returning for the few days I could spare from reading for my degree, so had accepted an invitation to London, where I was to have escorted two pretty cousins to all sorts of concerts and balls. I had looked forward to my visit with great pleasure, and it was a bitter disappointment. My relations lived in Cornwall, so it was quite out of the question that they could come down to me. The weather was such as is only to be seen in Cambridge; the thick fog choked up the courts, which seemed to contain the thick damp air like boxes; all the rooms were empty, and there were no lights burning to give a look of life to the ivy-covered court. The grass-plot was covered with dusty patches of thawing snow, and the university bells, which were ringing for Christmas, came like a muffled peal ringing for a funeral through the thick atmosphere. The kitchens were shut up after one o'clock, and the head cook was to be seen, for the only time in the year, clad in ordinary apparel. The streets were full of men, looking like a degenerate class of university men. The same short, shooting, and long Noah's Ark coats, the same boating hats and ribbons; as Wilkins said, it was like a terrible dream; you crossed the street over and over again, believing that you saw a friend, but immediately recoiled back again when you found it was but his gyp in his old things. The time of the university was passed, gyps and shop-boys were the ruling power, and the unfortunate university man who remained up during Christmas was withered by the contemptuous glance of the servants and shop-boys, who looked upon him as an intruder, or any how as a man without a friend, and therefore to be despised.

The streets, lit by the lamps, which had to be lit before three o'clock, looked sad enough, but some of the colleges were terrible. King's College Chapel, with its four corner towers, looking like some hideous mastodon or other antediluvian animal, lying on its back, with its four legs lifted up into the misty air, and the screen running along the streets like ghastly skeletons of mysterious beasts that the huge animal now lying supine on his back had devoured and was vainly endeavoring to digest.

The big Court of Trinity was sad beyond description, vast, damp, and mysterious. The fountain in the middle trickled with a terrible monotony, only broken by an occasional drip of snow water from its roof, and a large icicle hung and dripped from the nose of the king above the gate. But the hideous climax of desolation was on the Bridge of Sighs which joins the new court to the old buildings of St. John's. Large masses of ice floated slowly along the river, and the cold evening air sighed in the iron frame-work, and made the passer-by gather his coat tighter round him and quicken his pace, shuddering at the terrible gloom of the grim black buildings, dripping corbels, dark mysterious river, and the abomination of desolation around him.

Perhaps the most cheerful college room in the university that Christmas-eve was mine, sad and desolate though it appeared to me. The fire burned brightly, and the mustard-plaster which Mrs. Car had put on my chest helped to keep me warm. The doctor had said that I must not be left alone. Mrs. Car had a party at her house, to which several bed-makers and my washer-woman had been asked. I hear it went off very cheerfully, as my illness caused a pleasing topic of conversation.

"A delicate man was Mr. Maitland always, and to think of him a-rowing yesterday, which to me is madness, seeing instead of putting on great-coats on that p'isonous river, they strips as eels without their skins. An inflammation at this time in those rooms, always damp, is most dangerous, and he too in face the moral of poor Mr. Avis." This led to all the college funerals that any of the party remembered being talked of. Mrs. Car began with poor Avis. "Raving to the last," she said, "poor senior wrangler, that X=g—g, and such like un-Christian remarks, to which I said, 'And oh, Sir, to think as you be a-dying;' to which he said, and I still shudders as I thinks of it—'Therefore MX=BI, quod erad digestrandum,'* them is the very words; and he died seeming content like, that being so proved."

Of course I did not hear any of this, but Betsy the help, who came into my room directly after the tea was over, full of the exciting topics that had been discussed, repeated them all for my edification.

Betsy was to sit up with me, and as I could not sleep, I encouraged her gossip, which amused me.

"And who else died here, Betsy?" I said.

"Oh, many a one, Sir. Mr. Baker, number two, took p'ison, so at least Mr. Cannon the coal-porter avers, but lor, Sir! none of 'em had such a tale as I had, but I did not tell it, seeing bed-makers take precedence over helps, and it was not my turn when I had to come to you, Sir."

"What was it, Betsy?" I said, feeling almost inclined to laugh at the little demure woman sitting bolt upright opposite to me, her face drawn up with a look of importance and mystery I had never noticed before.

"Well, Sir," she said, and though I shall give the story nearly word for word as she gave it me, I shall simplify some of the sentences which were somewhat involved, and not inflict Betsy's H's and omissions on my reader.

"Well, Sir, I must tell you, though only a help myself, my family for three generations have been connected with this college, my mother being college washer-woman, and my grandmother before, and a better one for getting up surplices there never was, at least so my poor mother used to say. It is many years ago now since my grandmother was bed-maker here; I remember her as a child, an old woman, clean and most respectable to look at, as all our family ever were, sitting in the chimney-corner at home: she was then nearly ninety, and had been pensioned off fifteen years, but had as good a memory as ever, and many was the tales she used to tell me about the gents she did for. Of course you know, Sir, college isn't now as it was then. The room we are sitting in was part of the Master's old house, and that is the reason why the fireplace is covered over with that curious oak-carving. This room, so my grandmother used to say, was one of the bedrooms; through that paneling across the staircase was a door leading to a long passage which the Master in old times used when he wanted to go to the college-library, which you know has been pulled down.

"Well, Sir, when my grandfather was first made bed-maker, Dr. A. was master—a great scholar by all reports, but one who bore his head rather too high.

"The young gentlemen did not like him, no more than did the college-servants; for the smallest faults gentlemen used to be sent down, and servants dismissed. Among those most liked by the servants and the young gentlemen in general, was a Mr. Bond, as handsome a man, my grandmother declared, as ever came up—over six feet two, with black curly hair, an eye like a hawk, and a laugh that did one good to hear.

"The college servants would have done any thing for him, as he spent his money like a prince, gave suppers, and never asked about perquisites, and had a cheery word for every one; and that is, after all, what they like better than any thing.

"There was nothing Mr. Bond couldn't do. He kept two horses, hunted in pink, rowed better than any one else, sang songs of his own writing, and made love; and this leads to the sad part of my story.

"Well, Sir, never being at lectures, and giving wine parties, when the noise used to be so great that it could be heard in the street, was not the way to make him a favorite with the Fellows and Master. If he was loved by servants and young gentlemen, he was hated by the tutors and Master, the latter especially; for one night after having gated several gentlemen, his door was screwed up, and painted pea-green. Who did it, no one for certain knew; but the Master and every one believed it to be Mr. Bond.

"Dr. A. had a daughter, the loveliest girl ever seen; grandmother used never to tire of talking of her blue eyes, bright golden hair, and tall, slight figure; Miss Dorothy was her name.

"Her mother had died when she was a child, and the poor young lady had a solitary time of it from all accounts. The doctor was too much taken up with his books to give much time to his daughter, and too proud (for he was well born) to let her associate much with the other young ladies in the town; and so the poor girl lived a dreamy solitary life, always looking out of the window into the court-yard, or wandering listlessly about the old home, exploring all its corners and passages.

"There was no college chapel in those days; the young gentlemen used to go to St. Bennet's Church. The Master had a high pew there for his family, which was generally only occupied by Miss Dorothy, who used to come (as grandmother would say) fluttering in by herself like a pretty bird, and hide her blushing face behind the red curtains, for all the young men could not help looking at her as she came in, she was so pretty, and what is more, she knew it.

"Mr. Bond, from all accounts, was not a very religious young gentleman, but not one single chapel did he ever miss; and this, I believe, saved him from being sent down on several occasions, when he got into some mad scrape. The bed-makers used to say that he went to look at Miss Dorothy, but when they first spoke to each other they did not know, though sure it is they used to meet each other. I dare say, Sir, you will wonder how my grandmother came to know as much as she did; but you see, Sir, there was a great deal of talk at the time, and when Miss Dorothy was taken ill my mother acted as nurse, it being vacation-time, and so won the sweet young lady's confidence that she used to tell her every thing, and seemed happier talking to her about the sad story than at any other time.

"I told you, Sir, that across the landing there was a private passage to the library; the key was kept in the Master's study, and no one was allowed to use it but he.

"The first time Mr. Bond ever met Miss Dorothy was when the Master's door was screwed up. The Master sent for Mr. Bond, suspecting him, though unable to prove any thing against him. The young lady and gentleman met on the staircase. Miss Dorothy had often noticed Mr. Bond from her window, and seems, Sir, to have taken such a fancy to him that every hunting morning, which was Wednesday and Friday, she was at the window to see him walk through the court, looking like a prince in his red coat, and get on his splendid black horse, Eagle. I remember the name, for when my father started his donkey and cart to take the clean linen home, my grandmother begged him to call it Eagle too.

"Miss Dorothy, as I said before, was timid as a bird, and very shy, when she met Mr. Bond on the staircase. Trying to get quickly out of his way, she would have fallen, being tripped up by the stair-cloth, if he had not put out his hand and caught her.

"This was the first time that a word had passed between them, and it was only an expression of regret at her clumsiness on the one side, and pleasure on the other that he had been able to save her from a fall. Still this meeting soon led to others.

"Miss Dorothy used to ride. Mr. Bond met her first as if by accident, but in time met her every day, feeing her groom handsomely each time not to reveal that his young mistress had any other companion than himself. For some time these rides went on well enough, till one day who should they meet but the Master himself. He was driving with the provost of King's in a close carriage, and pretended not to recognize the couple.

"However, when he got back he sent for the groom and dismissed him on the spot. Then he sent for Mr. Bond. Miss Dorothy was coming crying and pale as death out of her father's study when she met him.

"'Bless you, my darling,' he said, as she passed him. 'It is all my own fault; cheer up; I ought to have spoken to your father before; he can't object to me as a son-in-law. I am rich and well-born, so don't cry, my pet.' Then he went into the study, and she into her room.

"The Master was white with fury when Mr. Bond entered the room.

"'Sir,' he said, 'you are no gentleman; you are a disgrace to the university. I shall expel you.'

"'And what for?' asked Mr. Bond, doing his best to restrain his passion at the insulting tones of the old man.

"'What for, Sir? why, for insulting me: it was you who fastened up my door, you who dared to ride with my daughter.'

"'The first of those charges you are not in a position to prove, Sir,' said Mr. Bond, quietly; 'and the second, I fancy, would hardly be deemed a reasonable cause for expulsion by the university authorities, who must ratify your sentence.' There was truth in this, and the Master knew it. 'But,' continued Mr. Bond, 'I humbly beg your pardon. I have acted most wrongly; I should have spoken to you before. Your daughter loves me: may I make her my wife? and indeed, Sir, you shall never repent having committed such a jewel into my keeping. For God's sake, Sir, forgive us. You were a young man once, indeed, indeed—'

"'Quiet, young man!' shouted the Master, who had set his mind on Miss Dorothy marrying a distant cousin, a nobleman who was then undergraduate at Trinity, and had shown her considerable attention. 'Quiet! I care not for the honor you would bestow on me: leave me, Sir, and never let me hear of either of you two speaking to each other again, or it will be the worse for both of you.'

"Mr. Bond left him in a towering passion. 'You have no right to separate us, nor shall you, by Heaven, Sir! I am in a position to support a wife, and your child is of age. Good-by for the present, Sir!"

"'Send Miss Dorothy here,' said the Master, as the butler returned from showing Mr. Bond out. The young lady came, blushing and crying.

"'Oh, dear father, forgive us both; he loves me so much, and he is so good and noble; we did not intend to keep it secret from you any longer; do, dear, good father—it will break his heart and mine too.'

"'Child,' said the old man, savagely, 'get up at once, and no more folly. You shall never speak to Mr. Bond again. Promise me never to see him again.'

"'Oh, father, I dare not promise you that. God knows I would do any thing else to please you, but it would be death to me and to him also. Oh! have pity, he loves me.'

"'Loves you, fool!' said the Master, 'don't flatter yourself; a man so devoid of principle as he is has told many a girl the same story; he has been making a fool of you for lack of better amusement. I despise the man. Get up!' Here he laid his hands roughly on her shoulders. 'Go, little fool!' She rose to leave the room, pale as a statue, without saying another word. 'Stop,' he cried, as she reached the door. 'Child, swear never to speak to that bad young man again.'

"'Never, father!' cried the girl, her eyes flashing with passion. 'You have no cause to speak evil of Mr. Bond. He is good and noble, and I love him. I will not promise you this.' Without waiting for an answer she sailed out of the room.

"But her self-possession did not last long; she ran up stairs and threw herself on her bed (in this very room, Sir), where, when her maid came to find her, she was still crying as if her heart would break.

"'Oh, miss,' said Nancy, as she came in, 'what is the matter? you a-crying your eyes out, and the Master furious. And, oh! I'm ashamed to tell you what he has told me to do, it is cruel like; you are not to leave the house all the week till Tuesday, when you are to go to your aunt in Wales.'

"'So I am a prisoner, am I? and you are to be my jailer. My father is kind and considerate. Get me some tea.'

"Then Miss Dorothy got up, set her things straight, and determined not to show her sorrow to her maid; but Nancy told my mother it was no good, the poor child went on terrible about her father and Mr. Bond, and never got a wink of sleep all the night.

"Next morning she thought she would try once more to overcome her father's resolution, but he was incensed at her display of temper the evening before, and refused to see her.

"Miss Dorothy was allowed to go into the little patch of garden where the stables used to stand. Next morning when she went out to get a breath of air, and to look at her horse, as was her custom, she found the groom who had been dismissed packing up his things to leave.

"'Oh, I am sorry you are going to leave, Williams, and I am glad I have met you to say good-by. Here's a little present for you.'

"Williams touched his hat as he took the sovereign. 'Bless your pretty face, miss, don't care about me. Mr. Bond's taken me on to look after his hunters, and miss' (here he lowered his voice to a whisper, though there was none within hearing), 'my new master bade me give you this 'ere, and I am not to go till I has an answer, "No," says he, "not if your old master blows your brains out."'

"Dorothy took it trembling up into her room; it was only a few lines beseeching her for the love of Heaven to let him see her once more. She had once told him, he wrote, that she had discovered a way from her father's house to the college library; as she was forbidden to leave the house, would she meet him there; it was their only chance.

"She took a pen, and wrote a line promising to be there the moment the bells ceased to ring for evening service. As the bells ceased ringing Miss Dorothy left her room, and went to the study: the key was in its old position, and she took it. As she passed by the window she saw her father crossing the court-yard in his surplice. It was some time before the passage-door would open, at last the latch lifted, and, hardly daring to breathe, she walked to the library door. Not daring to open it at first, she knelt down and listened: the place was as still as death. In a few seconds' time she heard the door open and a heavy footstep on the floor, then a voice humming a familiar air.

"Without waiting longer she timidly turned the key and entered the room. What passed between the two I never heard, but the interview was interrupted by the sound of some one on the stairs. Miss Dorothy started.

"'We shall be detected, George,' she said. Still he held her.

"'Promise, love,' he said, 'or I shall die.'

"'Yes, I promise; God forgive me,' answered she. Then she closed the library door, and ran back to her room. Nancy was there arranging a dress, and started as her young mistress entered, she looked so lovely, with her cheeks still flushing with the hot kiss her lover had imprinted on them, and the excitement of the meeting.

"As the clock struck nine Miss Dorothy stole down stairs, the hall door was open, and she was soon out of the college gates. There was no gas in the courts and streets in those days, and the porters who saw her hurry across the court took her for one of the bed-makers. Wrapping her cloak round her, for it was a cold November night, she hurried along the street, nor did she stop till she reached the end of Parker's Piece, where a fly with two horses was waiting.

"Williams the groom was there, but no one else.

"'He should have been here before, miss; clocks are striking quarter past. Get in, miss, you will catch your death of cold.'

"'No, thank you, Williams, I shall see him sooner if I stop here. Oh, dear! I wish I had not come. It is too late to go back?'

"'Go back! why, bless you, miss, he will be here in a minute. Look there, ain't that him? No, he was to come alone.'

"'Oh yes, alone,' said she, shivering and beginning to cry. 'How wicked I am!'

"'Quiet, miss, for Heaven's sake. Get into the fly; it's the proctors, I can see their bands, you will be suspected.'

"She sprang in, and Williams lowered the shutters. The proctors were there in a minute; they had seen a woman's dress, and were suspicious.

"'Who have you there?' one asked, as he came up.

"'A lady, Sir, if you have no objection.'

"'Any one else?' asked the other, 'no member of the university too, I hope; my man, it is a suspicious place, please to open the door.'

"The door was opened, and they looked in. Miss Dorothy sat back, and pulled the veil over her face. The moon was shining brightly, and in the proctor she recognized Mr. Hanly, the senior fellow of Corpus, who had once paid her great attentions, and who might have won her heart if she had not met Mr. Bond.

"'I beg your pardon, madam,' he said, raising his hat, but not recognizing her. 'You must forgive the liberty I have taken, but we are forced to be very careful.' Then he closed the door and walked off.

"'What's the next move, miss? I fear som'uts up,' said Williams, looking in as the clock struck eleven. 'No doubt he's gated, and can't get out. When did you see him last?'

"'About six o'clock,' said the poor young lady, sobbing. 'Oh, Williams, he can't have deceived me!'

"'Bless ye, no, miss, he ain't one of that sort. Why, miss, I knows for certain he'd die for you: still, it's precious queer. Says he to me at three this afternoon, "let the fly be ready." "Says I, "Yes, Sir; but shall I see you before night?" "Yes," says he, "I'm just a going to say a few words to your young missus, and then I shall see you." But he never came, so I follers former orders and comes up here. But, dear heart, cheer up, them great gates is shut, and the porters won't let him out. But what had we better do now, miss?"

"'Oh, take me back, take me back!' she cried. 'Oh! I wish I had never come. I will ask my father to forgive me; he spoke unjustly and cruelly of George, still I am very wicked. Oh, drive me back!'

"'If I were you, miss,' said Williams, 'I should not go back to college; there's no cause, as I sees, that the Master should know any thing about it. He thinks you safe a-bed, next morning you slips in with bed-makers, and no harm comes of it.'

"'Oh, Williams, but then where can I sleep to-night?'

"This question puzzled him, and he scratched his head in silence. At last he said, 'Well, miss, s'pose you sleeps in this 'ere vehicle; I'll keep watch on the box; eh, miss?'

"'Oh no, Williams, you know you would die of cold. I must go back; perhaps he will forgive me.'

"Williams went to fasten some piece of harness preparatory to starting; in a minute he returned, and lowering the window, looked in again.

"'Bless you, miss, what a fool I was not to think of it afore: why, miss, you see if you goes back it must be through the porter's lodge, as the other entrance shuts early. A deal of gents may be in the court. You will not like to go by yourself; s'pose you come to my sister's, eh?'

"'Oh no, Williams; I should die if I met any one in the court. Thank you for thinking of Mrs. Giffard; she was my nurse, and I know would have pity on me.'

"Well, Sir, you know my grandmother's name was Giffard, and she was sister to Williams, he being my mother's uncle. Mother said she was then only ten years old, but remembered the night Miss Dorothy came to our house.

"She and her father and mother slept in the same room. They had been in bed about two hours when they were awoke by a knocking at the door. My grandfather sprung up and looked out of the window.

"'Why, bless me, wife,' he said, 'if there ain't that brother of yours. What on earth is up now?

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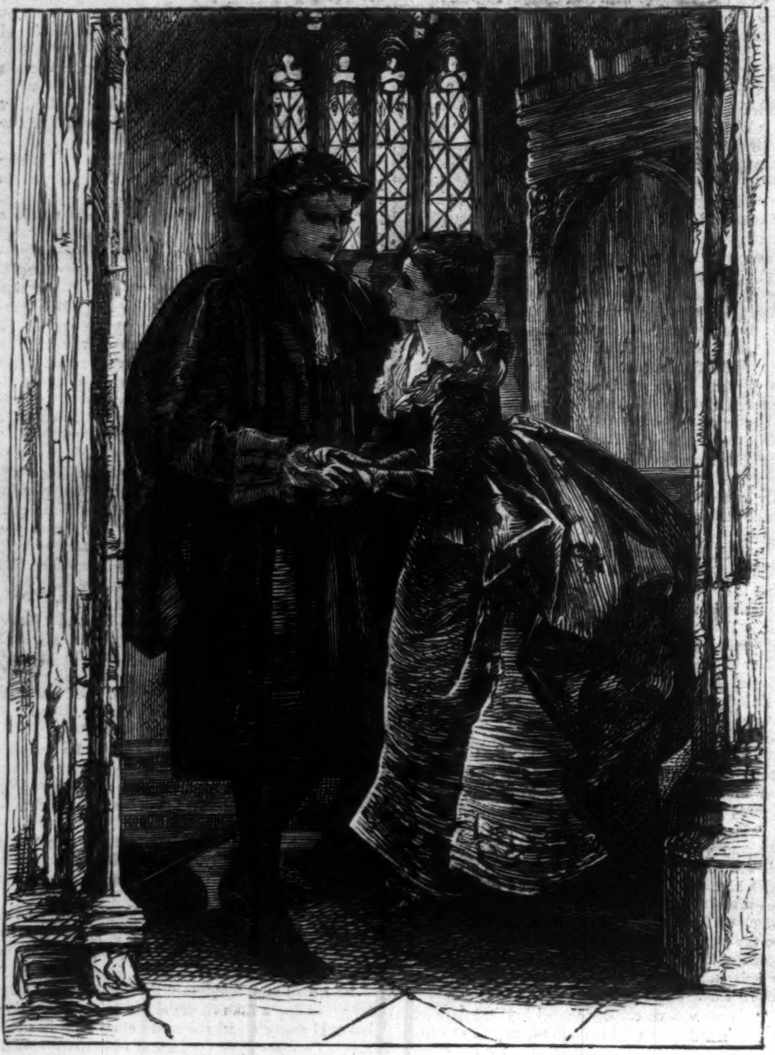
* Betsy must have meant "demonstrandum."



A LEGEND OF CORPUS—"YES, I PROMISE; GOD FORGIVE ME."

Coming in a minute, lad,' he said, as George again thundered at the door, 'you'll wake the whole street.'

"Grandfather threw his wife's shawl over his shoulders and ran down stairs. In less than a minute he was back again. 'For Heaven's sake, old lady, get up; here's a pretty go, poor beautiful young creature, and perished with cold.' Then he turned round to my mother, who was sitting up wondering in bed, and told her to go to sleep. This my mother pretended to do, but was far too excited and curious to do more than close her eyes. Her father and mother were soon both down stairs, and the sound of a tinder-box being struck, and a fire lit, soon reached her ears. In another hour's time her father returned alone to bed, and in the next room she heard her mother trying to pacify some one who was sobbing loud enough for her to hear through the partition. After a time all was quiet again, and she did not wake till her father rose; he was one of the buttery-men at Trinity.

"Then she got out of bed and listened: there was more crying in the next room; she went to the bedroom door and looked out, and saw a tall young lady, very beautiful and pale as snow, pass hurriedly along the passage, followed by my grandmother.

"Mother says she never saw a lily of the valley without thinking of Miss Dorothy, as she looked then, so frail and trembling, with her white face bent down.

"The Master had discovered his daughter's flight, and was beside himself with passion. Grandmother knew this the night before, and was not so much surprised that Miss Dorothy had come to her house at that late hour as she would otherwise have been. She was Mr. Bond's bed-maker, and going to his rooms about chapel-time she had noticed his portmanteau locked and lying on his bed, but had seen nothing of him. He had not slept in college, and no one knew any thing about his whereabouts. There was nothing else talked of in college but the disappearance of Mr. Bond. That Miss A. had intended to run away with him, thanks to the discreetness of my grandfather and the Master's servants, was never generally known: at last, like all other wonders, it ceased to interest any one. All knew Mr. Bond was a mad young gentleman, and cared for no one: what more likely than he should have betaken himself to his home in the north for a week's change, and had not cared to consult the college authorities on the subject? Still to Miss Dorothy, my grandmother, and others, there seemed some mystery which they could not fathom. Nancy, the lady's maid, who slept in a little room out of her mistress's, had sat up till past three, waiting for her return. Twice in the middle of the night she started up, hearing something like a cry of distress coming seemingly from the college library. At first she thought it only a dream, for she was anxious and nervous about her mistress, but the next time she felt that it was more than a dream, and woke one of the maids, who sat up the rest of the night, Sir, by this very same fire here, Sir; but there was no more sound, so Nancy believed it to be a dream, till what was discovered afterward proved it to be no fancy. Well, Sir, I need not tell you that the Master was furious about Miss Dorothy; at first he threatened to turn her out into the streets, but his pride prevented him doing this, as all the university would have known his disgrace, so he wrote off to his sister in Wales, begging her at once to come and take her back with her, and in the mean time strictly forbade her to leave the house. At the time of which I am speaking, the Master's house ran along the west side of the old college library, and there were two small oak-paneled rooms at the end of the east corridor, which were separated from the rest of the house. In these rooms Miss Dorothy was confined; they were well suited for the purpose, for there was but one means of escape, and that was actually through the Master's study, which had a door opening on to the further end of the passage.

"Poor child! she was miserable indeed, and Nancy her maid hardly liked to leave her alone for a minute, she was so low and nervous. One evening Nancy had to go out into the town, and Miss Dorothy was left alone.

"It was getting dusk, and the solitude of the dark old room frightened her. It seems that the library was connected with her bedroom by means of a small door opening in the panel. This door was not visible from the library, as it was covered by another thicker door, which was covered with books, and was not distinguishable from the rest of the walls. Miss Dorothy had noticed the door in her room, a door which had not been used for years, and of the existence of which I believe the Master himself was not aware. As she wandered about the room, feeling too nervous to sit still, her eyes fell upon an old-fashioned key lying in the corner of an oak cupboard. Taking it in her hand, she determined to try the door on the opposite wall that she had watched the morning before.

"Grandmother happened to be that evening in the housekeeper's room, when suddenly she heard a piercing cry—a cry, she says, she can never forget, so full of horror was it.

"She started to her feet, and just at that minute Nancy dashed into the room. 'Oh! did you hear it?' she cried. 'Come with me, come with me.' All three started off, pale as death, and met the Master, who had heard the scream, hurrying in the same direction. They opened the door, Mrs. Brown the housekeeper bearing a light. On the floor, pale and rigid as marble, lay Miss Dorothy, the door in the panel open, and just in front of her, and across her feet, lay Mr. Bond, his hands stretched out and clenched, rigid and cold as a statue, as if to embrace her, his once handsome eyes staring lustreless out of their sockets, and the marks of corruption already on his beautiful face.

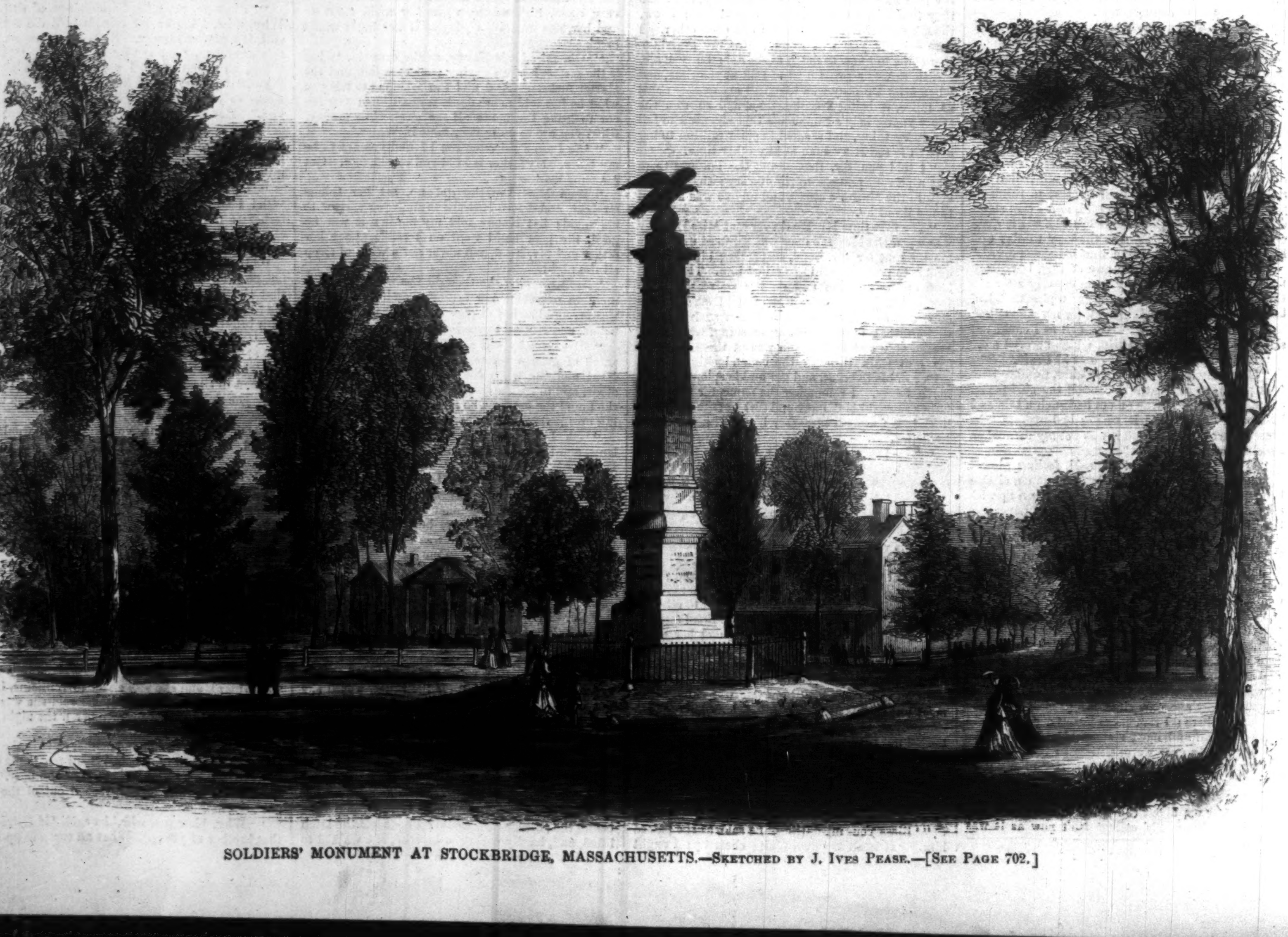
"Miss Dorothy was taken back to her old room here, but only survived her shock two days.

"An inquest was held on the body of Mr. Bond, and the verdict returned was accidental death. It seems that the poor young gentleman, knowing that as an undergraduate he had no right in the library, after Miss Dorothy had left him, seeing one of the book-shelves swing back, had retired behind it. It was the librarian who was entering, the shelves of the door were empty, and he filled them with the large volumes that lay on the table, and then left the room.

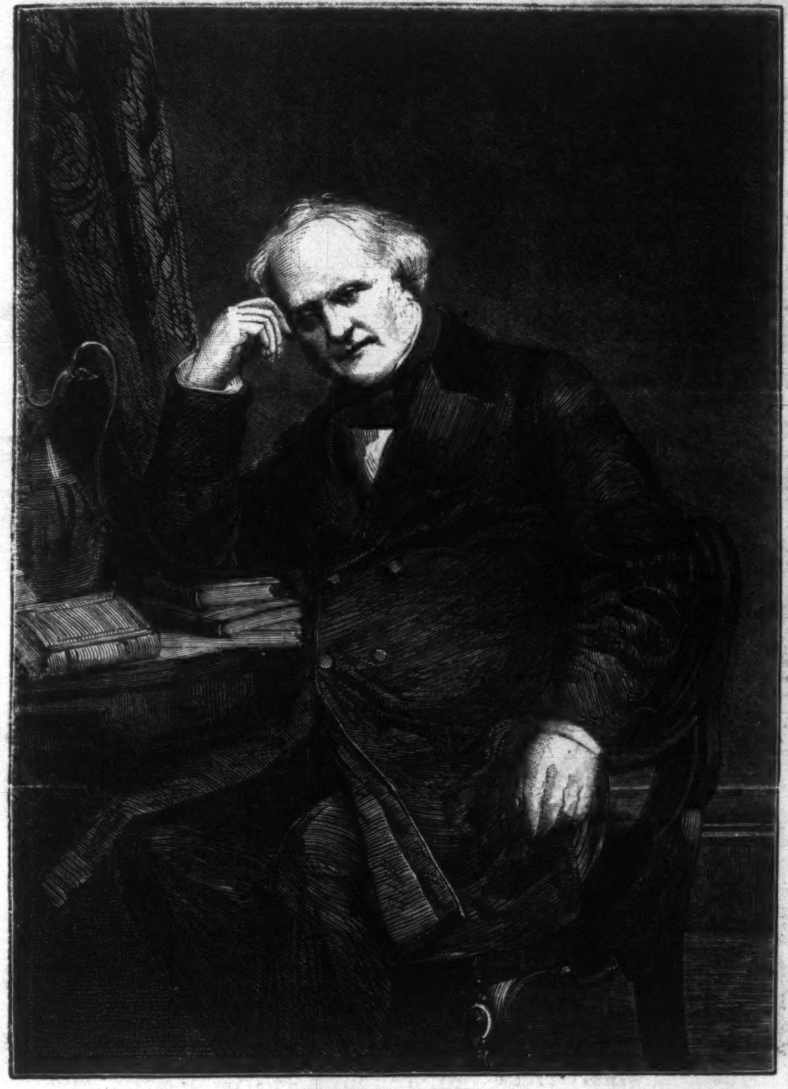
"When the room was empty Mr. Bond no doubt tried to leave his hiding-place, but the door closed with a hasp, and the heavy books that had been placed on the shelves rendered all his attempts to force it open vain, and what is more, excluded the air, for the doctors all agreed that the cause of death was suffocation. The door the young lady opened corresponded with the door in the book-case, and when the double doors were closed there was just room for a man to stand up between them. The body, which was in a standing position, fell down at the wretched lady's feet as she opened the door in the panel.

"And this, Sir, is the story as my grandmother used to tell it, and many were those among the servants who rejoiced when the old library was pulled down; unearthly noises and screams, it was said, were often heard there; and indeed, Sir, there were several who declared that they had seen Miss Dorothy herself more than once in her shroud, kneeling and lifting up a skeleton hand before the door which had made a living tomb for her love."

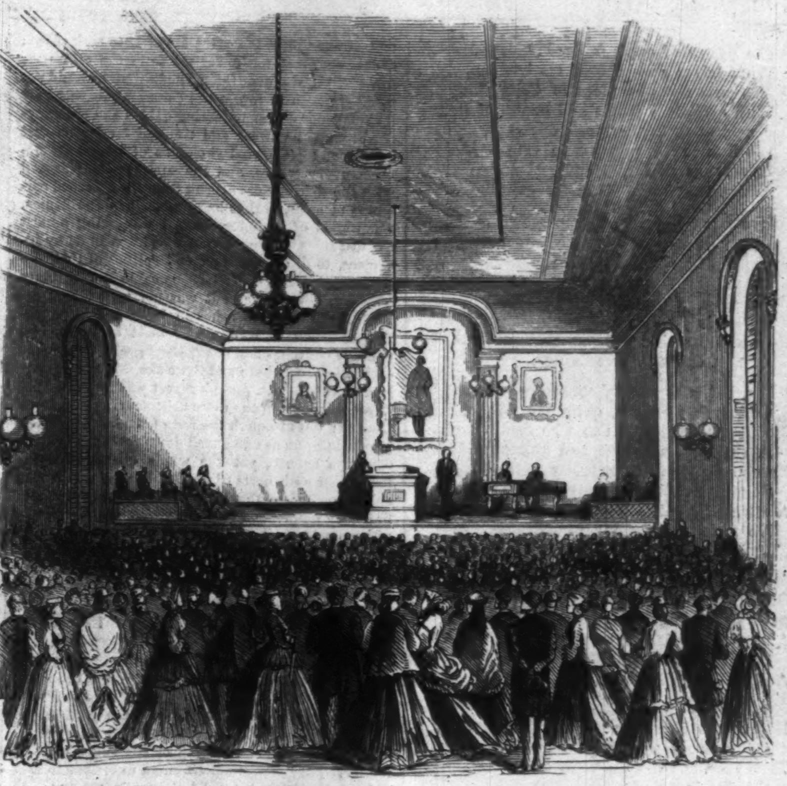
As Betsy finished her story I looked round my room, and a shiver ran through me; nor could I sleep one wink, thinking of the sweet young lady who died in the very room where I was lying, and never shall I forget that Christmas-eve and Betsy's tale.



SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT STOCKBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.—SKETCHED BY J. IVES PEASE.—[SEE PAGE 702.]



GEORGE PEABODY, Esq.



GEORGE PEABODY ADDRESSING THE SCHOOL CHILDREN OF SOUTH DANVERS, MASS.
[Sketched by J. W. Thyng.]

THE PEABODY INSTITUTE.

We give on this page a portrait of George Peabody, Esq., the eminent American banker in London, and public benefactor, accompanied by a poem; also sketches of the exterior and interior of the Peabody Institute at South Danvers, Massachusetts, and of the snuff-box presented to Mr. Peabody by the Lord Mayor and citizens of London.

The Institute is a brick building, ornamented with freestone. It was erected in 1853, and was Mr. Peabody's gift to his native town. It was dedicated in December, 1854. The library on the first-floor contains 12,000 volumes. On the second story is the lecture-room. In an ante-room there is an original portrait of General Harrison, painted in 1840. The portrait of Queen Victoria, soon to be presented to Mr. Peabody, will be deposited within the Institute in a fire and burglar proof vault. The gold snuff-box (about 5 inches long by 3½ wide, and 2 deep) is kept in the library for public inspection.

On the arrival of Mr. Peabody in this country from England last spring he was tendered a reception by the citizens of his native town, South Danvers. This at the time he declined; but in accordance with his own wish, on October 15 he met the school children of the town. The Hall of the Institute was entirely filled with children; all the schools in town, eight in number, were represented, and between eleven and twelve hundred scholars were present.

Shortly after 10 o'clock Mr. Peabody entered the Hall, accompanied by his sister, Mrs. Daniels, Mrs. Eben Sutton, and the Board of Trustees; and as he ascended the platform the children rose in a body and greeted him who had done so much for their welfare with waving handkerchiefs, to which Mr. Peabody responded by waving his own in return; on seeing which a shout of welcome arose spontaneously from the scholars.

Mr. Peabody delivered the following appropriate address to the children who had assembled to greet him:

"My dear young Friends,—Nearly two generations have passed away since I left this my native town, with probably less education than even the youngest among those I now address, and with no prospect of future success in life beyond that of any boy now before me who possesses good health, industry, and perseverance, with a heart and mind determined to make pure principles his guide.

"My course is well known, and, I fear, too much appreciated by our whole country; but praise, even but partially deserved, tends to stimulate to extra exertion, both physically and morally, particularly the young; and I hope and pray that every one who is now within the sound of my voice may experience, as I have, the truth of these remarks, and derive that pride and satisfaction which are sure to attend all those who conscientiously strive to do right and benefit their fellow-men. All of you, my young friends, should aim at a high mark in this respect, and undoubtedly many of you, members of both sexes, will arrive at distinction in society.

"But neither my regard for truth nor past experience will justify me in promising any one of you that great success which has ever attended me; scarcely one in any age attains to it; and I feel most sensibly that it is only by the guidance and blessings of my Heavenly Father from early life to my present advanced age that I have been enabled to accomplish so much for the purpose of laying the foundation for the physical comforts of the needy, and the promotion of knowledge and morality for the present and future generations."

"As you advance in life you will find that years will appear short in comparison to those occupied by your studies at the present time. This is my second visit to my native land for thirty years, and the period appears brief to me; time and generations pass most rapidly. Ten years ago last week, on a beautiful autumnal day, I addressed, from the front of this Institute, the scholars of the Danvers schools, numbering, I think, over seventeen hundred, and I then said to them, 'I would bid you remember that but a few years will elapse before you will occupy the same position toward your own children which your parents now hold toward you. The training you are now receiving, therefore, is a precious talent, for the use or abuse of which each one will be on a future day called upon to give an account.' This language, my young friends, I wish equally to apply to you now, as I then applied it to them. Where are now that assemblage of nearly two thousand scholars? In this short space of time I doubt whether fifty of them occupy the place of scholars here today.

"Many of them have become husbands and wives, and nearly all have entered upon the duties, the cares, and anxieties of more mature life. You have taken the places which they occupied in 1856, and by the great centennial celebration of the birth of our glorious Union, in 1876, they, your fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, will have taken another step forward on the stage of life, and you will take the places they now fill.

"Be prepared for that important change while your present high privileges of learning remain open to you. On the 9th of October, 1856, I did not anticipate the pleasure of being here at this time, but God has graciously permitted me, living beyond the allotted limit of threescore years and ten, to return and enter upon the realization of hopes and plans which I have entertained for many years.

"And to endeavor to show my gratitude for His goodness and watchful care by taking further and wider action in extending to the inhabitants of my native town, of my native State, and my native country, not only for the present generation but to those who will appear and act upon the stage of existence in future ages, the means of mental culture and moral improvement.

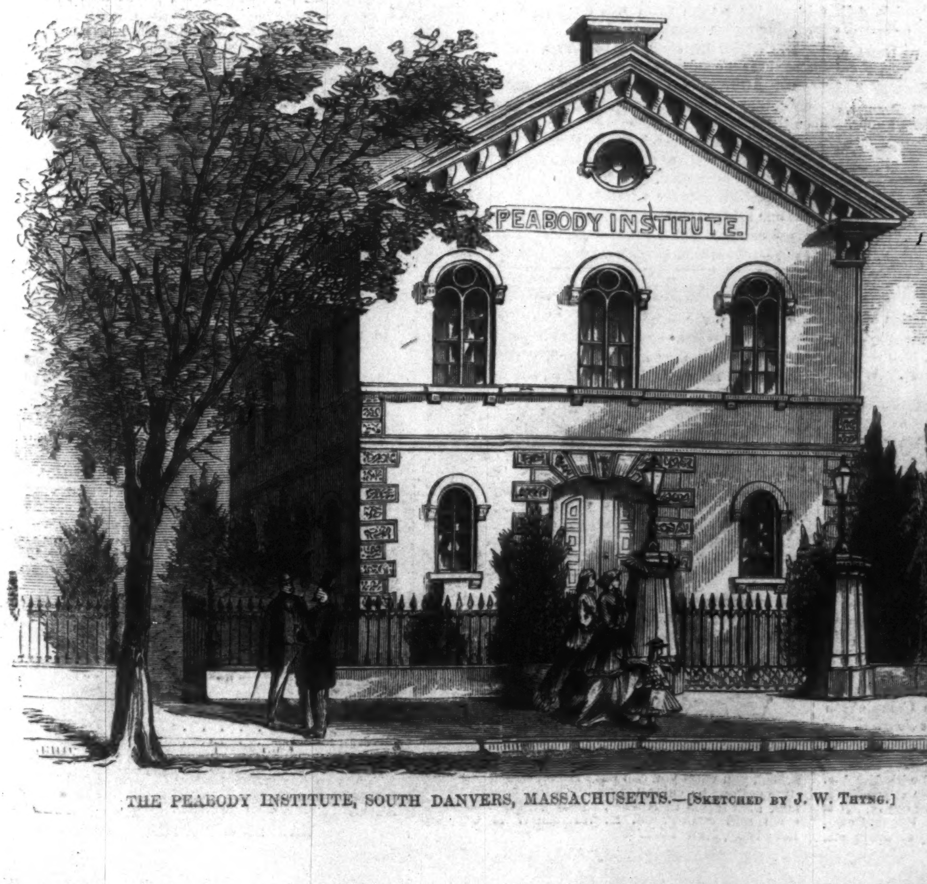
"At my advanced age I can not expect again to meet you, collectively, and it is to me a saddening thought, for though since I addressed your predecessors at the time I have mentioned I have met many assemblies of children, and to some I have spoken, founded on a long experience, words of simple advice and caution; yet in none on either side of the Atlantic can I feel so deep an interest as in the children of the schools of South Danvers. They seem intimately associated with thoughts of my childhood and early youth; they take the same lessons, they occupy the same play-grounds, and their feet tread the same paths over which I once trudged to school.

"With such feelings, therefore, I earnestly exhort you, my dear young friends, to strive by your present advantages to prepare yourselves for a life of usefulness in the responsible positions which you are to fill; to honor, and, if necessary, protect and support your parents; to never depart from the path of honor and integrity; and, above all, 'remember your Creator in the days of your youth, and when you are old He will not forsake you.' Farewell! Farewell!"

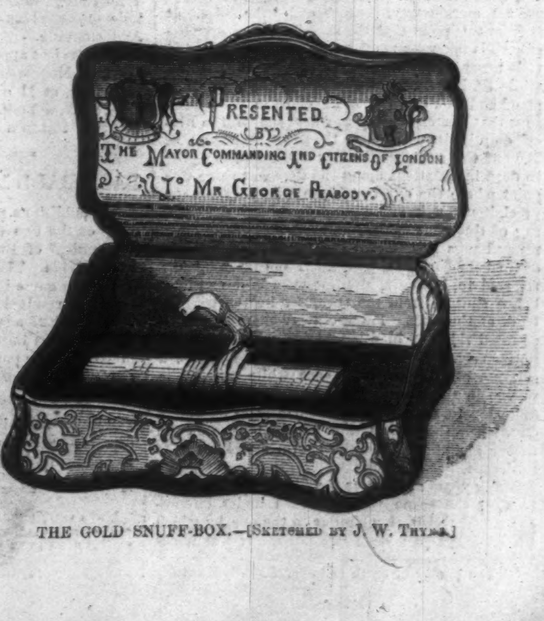
GEORGE PEABODY.

We mourned the old chivalric times,
Their virtues, with their glories, dead—
Life stricken wholly from romance—
"And what is left to us?" we said:
Up through the land the murmur rose:
"Oh for the days that are no more,
When love of God wrought love of man,
And all were human to the core!

"The great Arthurian days we mourn,
And all the lapsing years that wrought
Change after change, yet evermore
Some varying phase of splendor caught;
Still noble deeds, still gentle lives,
Till every knightly heart grew cold,
And Valor's sunset-radiance lit
The tournay of the Cloth of Gold.


PEABODY INSTITUTE.

THE PEABODY INSTITUTE, SOUTH DANVERS, MASSACHUSETTS.—[Sketched by J. W. Thyng.]


PRESENTED
BY
THE MAYOR COMMANDING AND CITIZENS OF LONDON
TO MR GEORGE PEABODY.

THE GOLD SNUFF-BOX.—[Sketched by J. W. Thyng.]

"The poetry of earth *is* dead:*
What lesser grief should we bemoan,
With Science in the place of Faith,
With quicken'd brains and hearts of stone?
Our noblest triumphs mock our skill,
We link the Continents in vain—
It only tends to sordid ends,
And whets the appetite for gain."

So from our lips remonstrance fell,
When through the land a rumor went—
"The old heroic fire revives—
Its pulsing fervor is not spent!
The record of the glowing past
Shows in its dim and doubtful page
No deed like that which greets the eyes
Of this debased, prosaic age.

"For, lo! a Queen of sovereign sway,
Of zoneless empire, quits her throne,
Stooping to welcome one who comes
A stranger, nameless and unknown:
No comely youth in knightly guise
Shining at ruffled beauty's knees—
A silvered head, a homely form—
No more the queenly woman sees.

"No more; but in her heart there glows
The memory of a noble deed,
Of succor to her people lent,
Of princely aid in sorest need.
And gracious is her tearful smile
As forth she thrusts a trembling hand,
And bids him in her name receive
The homage of her grateful land."

Homage to Goodness! Queenly meed
Of generous thanks to simple Worth!
Thus does the old chivalric soul
Survive in us of later birth;
Nor doubt its promptings in the heart
Of him—his nation's noblest son—
The largesse of whose liberal hand
A sovereign's thanks has rightly won.

Never did truer beauty clothe
The radiant limbs of courtly knight,
Than clothes that brow serenely smooth,
And fills those eyes with gentle light.
To latest times that homely form,
And that familiar, kindly face,
The holier memories of men
Will with a tender beauty grace.

Where'er that honored name is heard
The tears will gleam in woman's eyes;
The hearts of men will stir and creep,
And blessings to their lips will rise.
Though Science join'd the sunder'd worlds,
It needed yet what he has done—
A noble action, meekly wrought,
Has knit the hearts of both in one.

Yes, and as, far above the glow,
When all the West is fierce with flame,
A faint star brightens to the night,
Deep'ning about it—so his fame,
Surviving all the transient bloom
That makes the passing present bright,
Will shine, and still resplendent shine,
An orb of ever-gathering light.

ST. ROCH, QUEBEC.

To the north of the Rock of Quebec, and in the very shadow of the steep old cliff, lies the suburb of St. Roch, which, previous to the disastrous conflagration of the 14th October, was a closely-packed agglomeration of houses, occupied by some 20,000 inhabitants. The present writer, having resided for some time at Quebec, can realize the scene of desolation now presented by this district, which has been almost exclusively inhabited by French Canadians of the poorer class. Ship-carpenters, riggers, and mechanics in the various branches of skilled industry connected with the ship-builders' craft here had their homes; for the River St. Charles—commonly known at Quebec as the "Little River"—winds close by the northern edge of the suburb, and it is on the banks of this narrow but deep stream that the principal ship-yards of Quebec are situated. There are few more picturesque views than that to be had from the high cliff near Mount Pleasant, where the road winds down Savageau's Hill to the flat, marshy tract beneath, called the *Bijou*. It is from this point that the sketch looking over the suburb is taken—a point just below where the martello-tower stands upon the edge of the cliff. Here, while St. Roch yet stood intact, it was pleasant to stand and look down upon the dense mass of buildings that stretched away to where the "Little River" empties its waters into the great St. Lawrence. Beyond this stretches the Bay of Quebec, sweeping in deep indentations along the Beauport shore to a point where the eye rests upon a deep cleft in the precipitous bank, and a short way above the opening of this cleft the magnificent Fall of Montmorency hangs sheer down like a silver scarf tossed against the dark-brown rock. From the point just referred to, however, Montmorency is not visible, being shut in from the spectator by the western bank of the cleft. Further away there extends a serrated ridge of blue mountains, which form the horizon beyond the beautiful Isle of Orleans, a glimpse of which, dotted with white villages, is visible in the middle distance. Nothing can be more lovely than this scene on a calm autumnal day, when the bright tints of the foliage on the nearer mountains lend the charm of color to the landscape.

Many years ago it was the fortune of the writer to view the scene just described under circumstances of a visitation similar to the one by which St. Roch has just been desolated. It was about midsummer when the great fire of 1845 took place; and the spectator who looked from the cliff near Mount Pleasant, over the burned district, would not be likely soon to forget the contrast presented by its blackened and smouldering gables and chimney-shafts with the sweet and tranquil landscape that lay beyond. Charred skeletons of timber framework every where, and the summer air, poisoned with the sickly odors arising from the scorched carcasses of animals that had perished in the flames. Thousands of homeless beings wandering amidst the lost lines of streets, vainly seeking, in many instances, to discover the exact localities of their obliterated dwellings. Relief soon came in from many quarters, however, and it was not long before St. Roch arose from its ashes in fresh and improved form. Much of it was now built of brick, and massive churches and convents of gray stone reared their steep roofs here and there above the more lowly structures. St. Joseph Street was by far a finer street than any in the more aristocratic portions of Quebec; but although the red of the brick was the prevailing hue as one gazed down from the heights over the suburb, yet the whole quarter was interspersed with nests of wooden houses, and it was chiefly owing to these tinder-boxes that the late fire early gained such headway that no human exertion could avail to check it. The pressure upon the destitute *habitans*, now left again homeless in St. Roch, is heavier by far than it was after the calamity of 1845. Then they had much of the summer before them, wherein to arrange for shelter while their houses were being rebuilt. Now the inclement—nay, savage—winter of Eastern Canada is close at hand. In the neighborhood of Quebec the trees are bare of their leaves already, and the summer birds have flocked away to more hospitable climes. In four weeks at furthest the ground will be shrouded with snow. Tents will be of little avail then for the protection of the sufferers; and it will require almost superhuman exertions to provide them with substantial shelter in time to save them from terrible hardships. The great wealth of the various religious *fabriques*, however, will enable the priesthood to do much toward alleviating the sufferings of the unfortunate citizens of St. Roch.

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT STOCKBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

A VERY beautiful Monument of brown freestone has been erected in the public square in front of the Episcopal Church at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, to the memory of the brave soldiers who went from that town and laid down their lives in the recent war against the Rebellion. The Monument is 24 feet high (exclusive of the 3-feet foundation), was built by J. G. BATTERSON, Esq., of Hartford, Connecticut, and cost $2000.

On the front, or south side of the Monument, are the coat-of-arms of Massachusetts and the shield of the United States; and above this, on the shaft, are a spear and flag and two swords crossed. The whole is surmounted by an eagle, most beautifully executed, with wings outspread, as if just taking its flight.

The inscriptions on the Monument read as follows. On the south side:

To
HER SONS,
Beloved and Honored,
Who died for their Country
In the Great War
of the Rebellion,
Stockbridge,
In grateful remembrance,
Has raised this Monument,
A.D. 1866.

On the north side:

To Bravery and Patriotism.

On the east and west sides are the following names of soldiers from that town who died in the service:

2d Mass. Inf.—Major William D. Sedgwick, Adj. Gen. 6th A. C., Joseph Rathbun, Michael Mullany, Thomas Dailey, John Dier, William T. Mix.
37th Mass. Inf.—Thomas M'Cabe, John W. Newton, John O'Brien, Cornelius Miller, Stephen Kirby, Frederic Mills.
1st Mass. Cav.—James W. Clary.
37th N. Y. N. G.—Lieutenant Marshall B. Brewer.
49th Mass. Inf.—Godfrey Wolfinger, Wells Fuller.
34th Mass. Inf.—Luther Willard.
5th Mass. Inf.—Captain Edson T. Dresser, Sergeant Henry S. May, Sergeant John Crosby, Charles Jones, John O'Neil, Charles Rathbun.
9th Conn. Inf.—Harry H. Watson.
20th Conn. Inf.—Sergeant-Major John S. Root.
1st Conn. H. A.—Henry Brace.

On the four sides of the shaft are also inscribed: Wilderness, Gettysburg—Antietam, Chancellorsville—Spottsylvania, Petersburg—Donaldsonville, Andersonville.

The services appropriate to the dedication of this beautiful Monument took place on Wednesday, the 17th inst., at 11 o'clock. HARRY D. SEDGWICK, Esq., of New York, delivered the address. WILLIAM PITT PALMER delivered a poem.

BASE-BALL MATCH IN BROOKLYN.

WE publish on page 697 portraits of the "picked nine" of the two celebrated Base-Ball Clubs—the "Atlantics" of Brooklyn and the "Athletics" of Philadelphia. These Clubs played a very interesting match game in Brooklyn, on Monday, October 15, which resulted in a victory for the "Atlantics," who scored 27 against 17. This Club is thus far the Champion Base-Ball Club of America. In our illustration the portraits of the "Atlantics" occupy the fore-ground of the picture.

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* "The poetry of earth is never dead."—KEATS.

"Enjoy the highest reputation among the ladies."—BURNETT'S Kalliston for the Complexion and Cocoaine for the Hair.—*Louisville Journal.*

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Cod-liver oil with iodide of iron,
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Oil of turpentine,
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BECAUSE they are the best *appetizing medicine* at present known.
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BECAUSE they *tone* and *regulate* the bowels, and invariably relieve them when constipated, without causing undue relaxation.
BECAUSE they *strengthen the nerves*, clear the brain, and cheer the animal spirits.
BECAUSE in case of an attack of spasms or bilious colic, they are the best thing that can be administered on the instant.
BECAUSE they combine the three properties of a tonic, an alterative, and a nervine in their utmost purity and perfection.
BECAUSE they are a specific against Ague and Fever and all intermittents, and with all their potency as a preservative and a remedy, are as *harmless as water from the mountain spring*.

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Close of Vol. XXXIII.
Harper's Magazine
For November, 1866.
CONTENTS:
THE CIDER MILL.
THE WORK-HOUSE, BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.
THE LADY OF MY DREAMS.
VENICE.
HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.—XV. FLORIDA: HER CRIME AND HER PUNISHMENT.
MANASQUAN.
THE LITTLE BLACK DOGS OF BERKSHIRE.
AMONG RELATIONS.
MY SISTER MARCIA.
PICKED UP AT SEA.
SISTERS.
THE OLD BOOKSELLERS.
THE DIARY OF A PRECIOUS FOOL.
NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS.
LOOKING UNDER THE BED.
THE SWEETEST DAYS.
OLD TIMES AND NEW.
THE CENTRAL PARK OF NEW YORK.
DAS MEERMÄDCHEN.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.

THE PRESENT NUMBER closes the THIRTY-THIRD VOLUME of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. The Conductors believe that in variety and interest it has been exceeded by no previous Volume, and their arrangements insure that this interest and value will be fully maintained in the ensuing Volume.

In the Number for December will be commenced "THE VIRGINIANS IN TEXAS," a Tale by GEORGE F. HARRINGTON, Author of "Inside: A Chronicle of Secession." This tale was written just before the breaking out of the late Civil War, but its issue was postponed in consequence of the events of the time. The Author, at the time a resident of Texas, describes the life and adventures of a Virginian Planter, who, with his family, emigrated to the "New Dominion." The tale is of special interest at the present time, setting forth what Texas was before the war; what it would now have been but for the war; and what it may yet become notwithstanding the war, when liberty is secured, law maintained, and industry restored under the Union.

GENERAL STROTHER will continue his "Personal Recollections of the War;" and the various departments of the Magazine, whether furnished by the Editors or by Contributors, will be maintained in such a manner as to merit a continuance of the favor which the Magazine has received for almost Seventeen Years.

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⁂ The POSTAGE on the Magazine is now 24 cents a year, and on the Weekly 20 cents a year, payable quraterly, semi-yearly, or yearly, at the office where received.

⁂ Subscriptions from the British Provinces of North America must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the Magazine, and 20 cents for the Weekly, to prepay the United States postage.

Subscribers to the Magazine and Weekly will find on each wrapper the Number with which their subscription *expires*, as entered on our books. In *renewing* a subscription, it is desired that the Number with which it is to *commence* should be stated. The name of the subscriber, and full address, including County and State, should be distinctly written: Thus—"Renew subscription to [Magazine or Weekly] commencing with Number ——. John Adams, Jackson, Pike County, Ohio."

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1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

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3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

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20 lbs. Oolong	at $1 00	$20 00
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5 lbs. U. Japan	at 1 25	6 25
Total		$65 00

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NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for *all* needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

Mrs. General ULYSSES S. GRANT, President.
Mrs. CHAS. P. DALY, Acting President.
Mrs. Major-Gen. J. C. FREMONT, 1st Vice-President.
Mrs. ROBERT FORSTER, 2d Vice-President.
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NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.

The undersigned desiring to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the City of New York, do most cheerfully co-operate with the Ladies composing the Officers and Managers of that Institution as a Supervisory Committee in their approaching "FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL."

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JNO. H. WHITE.
G. P. B. HOYT.
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TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE,
WASHINGTON, *October* 6, 1866.

Whereas, Messrs. Thomas & Co., as Managing Directors of a Charitable Enterprise, have made due application to T. M. Egan, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Ninth Collection District of the State of New York, for permission to hold a "FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL," and presented to him satisfactory evidence that the proceeds of such Enterprise will be devoted to charitable uses, permission is hereby granted to the said Messrs. Thomas & Co. to hold said FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL exempt from all charge, whether from special tax, or other duty in respect of such FAIR AND FESTIVAL.

(Copy.) THOMAS HARLAND, Acting Commissioner.

The following Card will be fully appreciated by the Public, as it receives the thanks of the Institution:

"*To the Managing Directors of the Festival:*

"Sympathizing with your object, I take pleasure in tendering you, gratuitously, my professional services on the occasion of your Festival. THEODORE THOMAS."

The Fair will open on the 10th of December, and continue two weeks, at the PUBLIC HALL, corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, New York. To be concluded by the

GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

TO BE HELD AT

COOPER INSTITUTE, New York, Saturday Evening, December 22,

Under the Musical direction of THEODORE THOMAS, Esq., on which occasion a Committee will be chosen by the audience to award

$100,000 in Presents

In such lawful manner as they may determine. For the Festival there will be issued

200,000 Tickets at One Dollar each, and 200,000 Presents, being one to each Ticket-holder.

LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE AWARDED.

1 *Present in United States Greenbacks*	$10,000
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1 corner House and Lot, Avenue E, Jamaica, N. Y.	4,000
1 House and Lot adjoining above	3,000
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1 Set of Diamonds (Ring, Ear-Rings, and Pin)	1,000
1 Paid up Policy of Life Insurance for	5,000
1 "Ellis's Patent Hot-Water Apparatus for Heating Dwellings	1,000
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15 Ladies' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $125	1,875
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250 Gold Pens, Pencils, and Sleeve Buttons, @ $6	1,500
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Making in the aggregate 200,000 Presents, Valued at	$100,000

THEODORE THOMAS, Esq.,

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New York, *October*, 1866.

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